LICENSED,

Octob. 25. 1688.

Rob. Midgley.

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Octob. 25. 1688.

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Acton. d. 50. 859

POEMS
AND
TRANSLATIONS,
WRITTEN
Upon ſeveral Occaſions,
AND
To ſeveral Perſons.

By a late Scholar of Eaton.

Et nos ergo manum ferulæ ſubduximus, & nunc Expectes eadem à ſummo minimoque Poeta: Scripſimus, & ſtulta eſt clementia, cum tot ubique Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ. Juv.

Non illud ipſum quod optimum eſt deſperandum, & in præſtantibus rebus, magna ſunt ea, quæ ſunt optimis proxima; prima enim ſequentem, honeſtum eſt, in ſecundis, tertiiſque conſiſtere. Tull.

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12 :: 666

TO

The Right Honourable

THE

Countess of CLARENDON,

THESE

Rude and Unpolish'd Poems

Are Humbly Presented,

DEDICATED, and DEVOTED

By the Author,

Her Ladyship's

Most Dutiful and Obedient Servant.

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TO THE

Worthy Mr. *RODERICK*,

Upper-Master

OF

EATON-SCHOOL.

SIR,

THese *Trifles* at Your Feet I'd humbly lay,
And gladly these for my vast *Debts* repay;
I'd beg the great Protection of Your *Name*,
To have that *Altar* sanctifie my *Flame*:
My *little All*, lent *Stock* I would resign,
With reason, proud to serve at such a *Shrine*;
But that they're *Trifles* all, and all those Trifles *mine*.
Admit them *moderate*: the *Seed* that's sown,
At first was *Yours*, much more the *Crop*'s Your own.
You gave the *Talent*, that *improv'd* I bring;
By You my *Chirping Muse* was taught to *sing*.

To the Worthy Mr. Roderick.

You ~~warm'd my Soul with new~~ *Promethean* Fire,
Your *Wings* my flagging *Thoughts* learnt to aſpire.
You all the Wheels of my ſlow *Fancy* move,
My *doubtful Verſe* at Your true *Touch-ſtone* prove.
My *Pegaſus* was in Your *Paſture* bred,
Not on coarſe Weeds, but Buds of Joy, fed.
Hail the profeſs'd *Palæmon* of our *Iſle!*
Ætonian Helicon for every *ſtile!*
Now give me leave theſe my *Firſt-fruits* to bring,
Pledge of the *Summer*, and the *Pride* of *Spring*.
So *Primroſes* are upon *Altars* laid;
And *Pepper-corns* for *Rent* by Beggars paid.

Your

Dutiful Scholar, &c.

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POEMS.

A
Tranſlation out of *Syneſius*.

Τί γὰρ ἀλκὰ; τί δὲ κάλλος, &c.

WIT, alas, what idle Charms!
Herculean Strength, or *Milo*'s Arms!
Beauty, what ground for Pride is there?
Or *Gold*, as trifling as the Fair!
What *Halcyons* build within a *Crown*?
What ſolid *Pleaſure*'s in *Renown*?
If in an *equal Ballance* laid,
And by a hand *impartial* weigh'd,
With ſerious and *Divine* affairs,
With holy and *Religious* cares,
Compar'd with the *Almighty*'s *Love*,
Lighter than *Vanity* they'll prove.
One eaſily outſtrips in *courſe*,
The beſt that ever back'd a *Horſe*;
Can ride *Bucephalus* full ſpeed,
Or one of *Neptune*'s generous Breed:

Can make his fiery Courſer fly,
Like winged Lightning, through the Sky.
Another has prodigious ſtore,
Mountains and Seas of *Golden* Ore;
The Miſer's heart could wiſh no more.
Whom *Midas* envying, would prevent,
And of his ſecond wiſh repent.
One is a *Cretan* at his *Bow*,
Can ſhoot a very Hair in two;
Excels the Maſter of this Art,
Makes *Teucer* lay it deep to heart;
And what was formerly his Pride,
His Bow, as uſeleſs, throw aſide.
Another has a *comely Face*;
(And when there's *Beauty* in the caſe,
What Spell can lay this Spirit? what Charms
Of humane power reſiſt theſe Arms?)
H'as ſuch a Beauty ſo divine,
Nireus his Title would reſign,
And emulous *Narciſſus* pine.
Another prides in *Noble Bloud*;
Another in a *numerous Brood*
Of lovely *Girls* and hopeful *Boys*,
Their Countries Props, and Parents Joys;
Of *Danaus* and *Ægyptus* Stock,
A great and a well-order'd Flock.

This

This is my *Wiſh*, (let them have theirs,
Which are the leaſt of all my cares,)
Let me live *private* and *obſcure*,
From Noiſe, and Pride, and Scorn ſecure ;
From the *dear Complements* of *Court*,
Gliſtning Glo-worms ! Fortunes ſport !
From mean *Ambition*, lying *Fame*,
Baſe *Actions*, and a tainted *Name*.
No fine-ſpun Cobwebs of the *Great*,
No gay Contrivances of *State* :
No *gilded Greatneſs*, empty ſhows,
(Miſ-guiding Meteors !) make me loſe
That happy Path that I would choſe.
Let me with *Aglaus* be found,
Pleas'd in my *little ſpot of ground* ;
Or bleſt with the poor *Gardner's* fate,
Envied by *Alexander's* ſtate.
Abdolonymus, only known
To ſome poor *Pot-herbs* of his own ;
Gardner, degraded to a *Throne* !
What if the World ſhould never hear
Of ſuch a one as *Go——l* there ?
On Earth let me a Cypher be,
So I make one, my God, with thee.
Here let me, as a ſtranger, live,
At beſt a nameleſs Expletive ;

So to my ſelf I am but known,
And unto thee, my God, alone.

Anacreontiques.

ODE I.

Love.

AS lately on my ſleepy Bed
I laid my ſick and drowſie head,
And Night it ſelf with me lay dead;
The Heavens nodded, Nature ſnor'd,
When Winking *Morpheus* gave the word
Silence; and at the Court of Night
'Twas time to hang out every Light:
Now wearied Limbs took their repoſe,
When troubled Minds began to doſe;
When twinkling Stars could hardly keep
Themſelves from dropping faſt aſleep;
Some dimm'd and ſhot, but others fell:
Cloſe was the ſilence, deep as Hell.
Half the *Creation* joyntly ſlept,
Clouds *Sympathetick* Showers wept.
The Moon, like all the reſt, was gone
To Bed to her *Endymion*.

Cupid

Cupid knock'd at *Anacreon*'s Gate;
What buſineſs have you here ſo late,
Said I? and ask'd the ſtranger's name,
His Meſſage, and from whence he came.
Poor little Beggar-boy, ſaid he,
That is benighted; pity me:
For Heaven's ſake, Sir, let me in,
For I am almoſt wet to th' skin:
I've been a ſhooting all this day;
'Tis dark, and I have loſt my way:
The Stars themſelves, the very Moon,
Share my Misfortune; I'm undone!
Let me but in a Stable lie,
'Twill be a deed of Charity.
I heard the flattering Raſcal ſpeak,
And could not but for pity's ſake,
In ſuch a caſe, open the Gate,
Which ſtraight my Youngſter enter'd at,
With Bag and Quiver at his back:
And having drunk a Glaſs of Sack
To warm within, my little Squire,
I ask'd him to come near the Fire;
And brought him out a ſumptuous hoard
Of Victuals on a plenteous Board,
The beſt my Houſe could then afford;
And play'd the Courtier, to excuſe
The barren deſerts of my Muſe,

So poor a Meal as he muſt make,
And wiſh'd it better for his ſake.
I rub'd his little hands in mine,
And wrung his hair ſo ſoft, ſo fine,
Like his own Mother's Locks. And now
He look'd ſo charmingly, I vow
I ſcarcely could forbear to hug
The little fiery wanton Pug.
And thus no little time was ſpent
In Ceremony and Complement.
Now when he found himſelf grow warm,
Has the Rain done my Bow no harm,
(Said he)? and made no more to do,
But took his pretty little Bow,
And ſtrung it up, and pierc'd my heart:
So does the Gad-bee's tickling ſmart
Fret and delight th' infected part.
Up and away then, Whip and Spur,
Crying, God b'ye, your Servant, Sir;
I wiſh you well, my Hoſt, adieu;
I'm very much oblig'd to you:
I ſee my Bow is well enough;
But Friend, your Heart's not Arrow-proof.

ODE

ODE II.

The Letter-Carrier.

TEll me, amiable Dove,
Thou great Embaſſadour of Love,
A Spokes-man fit for amorous *Jove*;
Tell me, tell me, why ſuch haſt?
Whither is't you flie ſo faſt?
Where didſt thou thy breath perfume?
From what Spicy Country come?
From whence, with thy Mercurial Wing,
Doſt thou theſe Heavenly Odours bring?
Swimming through th' ambitious Air,
Proud to kiſs thy Wings ſo fair,
Leaving a ſcent of ſweetneſs there.
Tell me who it is, will be
So honour'd with thy companie?
The Dove replied, What would I give,
Poor Dove, for a Preſervative
From Coxcombs ſo inquiſitive?
Pray what are my concerns to you?
But ſince 'tis your deſire to know,
And Medlers will not be ſaid no:
(Save me, ye Gods; for what offence
Muſt I be kill'd by Impertinence?)

I am (and then ſhe curb'd her Head,
Her Tail, Fan-like, by Feathers ſpread,
And walk'd in ſtate, and clapp'd her Wings,
And did a hundred pretty things,
To ſhew her pride) *Anacreon*'s Dove,
And manage the affairs of Love
With his *Bathyllus*, that dear Boy,
(Oh, happy ſtate that I enjoy!)
Lovely *Bathyllus*, he that can,
By one ſweet look, ev'n conquer Man;
Can by the Magick of his Eyes,
Over all things tyrannize;
Victorious Beauty of all *Greece*,
The whole Creation's Maſter-piece;
The Pride of Nature, and the Fire
That raiſes *Venus*'s Deſire,
Whom thô ſhe envy, ſhe muſt ſtill admire;
Could make a Stoick change his mind,
Fixt as the Sun, turn like the Wind,
And in Love's School more Pleaſures find,
Than in his former Hermite's Cell,
Principles dark and deep as Hell.
To *Venus* once I did belong,
She ſold me for a trifling Song.
O happy I, that us'd to run
From place to place, from Sun to Sun,

Managing

Managing the Intrigues of Love,
With *Mars*, and half the Gods above,
With her *Seraglio* of Gallants,
That by turns ſupply'd her wants;
Am Servant to *Anacreon*,
Who lov'd by all, yet loves but one.
And as you ſee me now, I bear
His Letters to his lovely Fair;
This the perfume that ſcents the Air.
He promiſes to ſet me free;
Excuſe me for ſuch libertie:
No other freedom would I crave,
Than name and nature of a Slave;
Nor other ſlavery can I dread,
Than being, as he tells me, freed.
For to what purpoſe ſhould I flie,
And ramble in the ſpacious Skie,
By Famine, Net, or Arrow die?
Sit ſtarving on a Mountains top,
Or coo on barren Trees, and hop,
In fear of death, from bough to bough,
I know not where, I know not how;
Either die for want of Meat,
Elſe Haws, and Chaff, and Vetches eat:
Nor ſafety in that wretched fare,
'Ware Birdlime, Turtle! and the Snare.

Where

Where Puddle-water is the beſt,
A hollow Tree the ſofteſt Neſt;
To hear Owls Muſick, nor that long;
She'll make one dance unto her Song.
Is this the freedom I have loſt?
Is this the freedom others boaſt?
I by my Maſter now can ſtand,
Reck Crums out of *Anacreon*'s hand;
And have my little *Ganymede*
To give me Wine, whene're I need.
I in a merry mood, can ſup
Wine out of *Anacreon*'s Cup;
His own pure, choice, delicious Wine,
So ſmooth, ſo ſparkling, and ſo fine!
Which he keeps purpoſely to treat
Bathyllus with, when they two meet.
When I get drunk, I clap my wings,
And dance, whilſt my *Anacreon* ſings.
And when I am a ſleepy grown,
Upon his Harp I lay me down:
Muſick and I can there agree
In one united Harmonie;
Both make our Maſter Melodie.
Peace and Concord is, in brief,
The perfect ſum of my whole Life,
Free from danger, noiſe, or ſtrife.

Farewel.

Farewel. But now too late I muſt repent,
That like your ſelf I'm grown impertinent:
For when I'm gone, you'll ſay you took me wrong,
To be a Dove with a Crows pratling Tongue.

ODE III.

Gold.

COuld the Miſers heaps of Gold
Flatter *Death* to quit her hold;
Or would *Hell* be ſo content,
To take money for her Rent;
Could a man at any rate,
Bribe *inexorable Fate*;
Could he get *Charon* in the mind
To leave his Paſſengers behind,
When he has once his Earneſt paid;
Could this Spirit be ever laid
By all the *Magick* and the *Spells*
Of Conjuring Miſers in their Cells;
Would *Mercury* but load himſelf,
Inſtead of men, with loads of Pelf;
Cumber up Hell with Bags of Coin;
Could he prevail with *Proſerpine*:
'Twould be a notable Deſign.

Could

Could all his Wealth and all his Power
Purchaſe Reſpit for an hour,
O how I'd ſcrape and drudge for Ore!
O how I'd ranſack Natures Store!
And when I'd done, ſtill crave for more.
I'd drein *Pactolus* for his Sands,
And wiſh for *Midas* Golden Hands:
I'd waſh in *Tagus* to be rich,
Glad to have that Golden Itch.
The World ſhould ſerve me for a Mine,
To furniſh me with Soveraign Coin,
And I would ſerve at *Pluto's* Shrine.
Almighty Gold ſhould be my Word,
Almighty Gold ſhould be my Lord:
Almighty Gold ſhould all controul;
I'd bear his Image in my Soul.
By him inſpir'd, I'd ſeek and find
Wealth, the Saviour of Mankind.
For Gold is God, and ſomething more;
His Deity would I adore.
Of my God I'd make a ſhrine,
And out of that a God-head coin.
I'd dig to Hell, but that I'd get
Enough to pay the common Debt
Of Nature, a Securitie
From all Arreſts, and thus ſet free,

That

That Hell and I might be at peace,
And Death might grant a longer Leaſe.
But if it be too hard a Task;
Nay, if it be a ſin to ask
The price of a few fleeting days,
To add a furlong to ones Race;
To change one ſpan of life to two,
A ſingle Thread into a Clue;
To hire the Fates to ſheath the Knife,
With Gold to purchaſe longer life:
Why ſhould I by day-time weep,
Or in the night-time break my ſleep?
Why ſhould I beat my Breaſt, complain,
Sigh, and whine, and all in vain?
Melt into Tears, and tear my Hair,
Like one in frenzy or deſpair?
For if the Fates will ſo ordain,
That I muſt die like other men;
Nor have I reaſon to believe,
From Fate I ſhou'd my ſelf reprieve:
If I muſt die, and hence be hurl'd
From this into another World;
What uſe or pleaſure can I have
Of Gold or Silver in the Grave?
They neither revel, buy nor ſell,
Nor drink, nor dance, nor love in Hell.

There-

Therefore I hope you will excuſe
Theſe *Recreations* that I uſe
Rarely, but *Natural* to my *Muſe*.
Beſides, I am not like to meet
A *Miſtriß* in a *Winding-Sheet*;
Or court a *Pretty Maid to Bed*
To Grave to me, when I am dead.

ODE IV.

Grey Hairs.

WHither flieſt thou, O my Dear,
And leavſt a melting Lover here,
Dying, ſinking in Deſpair?
Is my Reverend Hoary Grey,
Such a Bug-bear in your way?
What makes you look ſo ghaſt, and ſtare
As if you're frightned at my Hair?
Becauſe your ſelf's ſo wondrous fair?
Becauſe your Cheeks, ſo lovely red,
Can make *Aurora* hide her head,
And bluſhing run agen to bed?
Make baffled *Venus* loſe her Trade,
The emulous Roſes blaſt and fade?

Scarlet

Scarlet and Crimſon loſe their die,
Beauty it ſelf aſham'd to vie?
Do not ſcornfully deſpiſe
Me, the Victim of your eyes;
But accept my bleeding Heart,
Weak in Nature, ſtrong in Art.
Then all objections juſtly mute
Will prove, our different colours ſuit.
For you muſt own, to do me right,
I'm ne'er the worſe for being white.
Such a luſtre Lillies caſt;
Wanton Roſes, Lillies chaſt.
But when they both together meet,
The Rivals breathe a fragrant ſweet,
And make a Garland look compleat.

ODE V.

Drink.

WHen *Wine* has fum'd into my head,
My buſie Senſes all lie dead,
And melancholy Megrims ſink
Into the Ocean of my *Drink:*
This Whirl-pool ſwallows them all up;
And at the bottom of my Cup

I meet with all the Gods can give,
To make a Mortal happy live.
I never covet to be great,
Nor envy *Cræſus* his Eſtate.
Like *Bacchanal*, I dance and ſing,
And ſcorn the Title of a King:
I make a Foot-ball of a Crown,
Kick glorious Diadems up and down.
I verſifie *Extempore*,
And all my Speech is Poetrie.
So that with reaſon I may think
I'm made of Poetry, Love, and Drink.
Let other men fall out, and fight
For true or for pretended Right;
To Arms, to Arms; I never care:
A Bottle's all the Arms I bear.
Serve only under *Cupid*'s Banner,
Till made a Lord of *Venus* Mannour.
But now I think on't, I am told,
That now my youthful Bloud grows cold:
Be wiſe, *Anacreon*, as thou'rt old.
That Fate has ey'd me ſeveral years,
Reſolv'd to pay off all Arrears:
One foot is in the Grave, and Death
Would fain ſuck out my fragrant breath:
But I'll prevent him, and will lie
Dead drunk o'th' ſpot before I die;

And

And by this pretty Countermine
Baffle the Cannibal's Deſign.

Anacreon's *Bleſſing.*

WHen Sleep had cloſ'd my weary Eyes,
Sleep, that Door of *Myſteries*;
On wing'd *Chimæra's* ſtraight convey'd,
Where Centinels of *Viſions* play'd
Before the Gates of *Night* and *Shade*;
Arriv'd at ſpacious *Fairy* Land,
With *Sibyl's* Bough, and *Morpheus* Wand,
My Fancy on an Object wrought,
An Object worthy of a thought;
That which by day-time did engage
My mind in a *Poetick Rage*,
When all my Senſes *ſeal'd up*, lay
Free from the buſineſs of the day;
My *roving* Brains again purſu'd,
(Thô the Conception was but rude)
And once again with Joy renew'd.
Methought *Anacreon* appear'd,
An old man with a *Reverend* Beard,
Old, yet had a graceful look;
With a *Bottle* and a *Book*;

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His breath ſmelt ſtrong of fragrant Wine,
(Ah curſed be the fatal *Vine !*)
His Lips with *Kiſſes worn*, and *drie*,
His ruffled Cheeks of *Scarlet die*,
His Spaniel *Cupid* running by.
When by degrees he nearer drew,
My Face, my Gate, and Habit knew.
When falling proſtrate on the ground,
As a Son in Duty bound,
Ten thouſand times to ſpeak I ſtrove,
Ten thouſand times ſtruck dumb by Love.
Tranſports of Wonder and Surprize
Raviſht my Soul, and burſt out of my Eyes:
But he preventing my *Petition*,
With a *prophetical* ſuſpicion,
Stroaking my *Lethargick* head,
In token of his *Bleſſing*, ſaid,
" Thy *Vow* is heard, and it is done,
" The Father's *Merits* for the Son,
" Make thee, thô an unworthy *Heir*,
" Fall to *Praiſe*, inſtead of *Prayer*.
" Go lay claim unto my Strains,
" My Muſe inſpire thy fruitful Brains,
" As a Reward for all thy pains.
" However, aim thou not too high ;
" Some at their loweſt higher flie,
" Than they that ſoar above the Skie ;

" Than

" Than they that ſoaring, never fell;
" Know your own ſphere, ſtrive to excel
" In that to which your Genius leads.
" I never ſung Heroick deeds,
" Nay, ſhould attempt it, all in vain,
" To write in *Homer*'s lofty ſtrain:
" Yet in my own peculiar way
" Am every whit as fam'd as they.
" But one Rule more before we go:
" Let not your Fancy ebb and flow
" As your Brain on Spirits feeds,
" 'T helps one Defect, and twenty breeds.
" Wine will nothing ſolid ſettle;
" Hones by ſharpning, wear the Mettle.
" Thô the bewitching Cups of Liquor
" Made elevated thoughts the quicker,
" Yet the Grapeſtone ſtop'd my breath,
" The Grape my life, the Grape my death.
This ſaid, *Anacreon* ſmil'd and ſneez'd,
A happy Omen he was pleas'd:
Then pull'd a *Garland* from his head,
(The *Garland* was of *Myrtle* made,
The *Garland* ſmelt of *Love* and *Wine*,
Anacreontique, ſweet, and fine)
With Violets, Palms, and Roſes wrought,
And for a Song of *Flora* bought.

This he about my Temples twin'd,
And rapt in a ſtrong blaſt of wind,
Left me and ſordid Earth behind.
I for a *Legacy* did call,
He let his *Book* and *Spaniel* fall.
When out of ſight the *Coach* was gone,
I put *Anacreon*'s Garland on.
How glad I was to be undone!
The *Philtre* did effectual prove,
And nothing can theſe *Charms* remove;
But I am plung'd in the *Abyſs* of endleſs *Love*.

Bion

Bion Idyl. 4.

Ταὶ μοῖσαι τὴν Ἔρωτα τὸν ἄγριον οὐ φοβέονται, &c.

To Mrs. M---- Dr----r.

'TIS the effect of *Love*, not servile *Fear*,
The *Muses* fit their *Songs* to *Cupid*'s *Ear*:
Proud at his feet to lay their *Scepters* down,
And pay *Allegiance* to their *Soveraign*'s Crown.
'Tis only Love inspires *Apollo*'s Lute,
Without that Harmony the *Musick*'s Mute.
The *Harp* of *Eloquence*, *Venus* fairly won
At *Pythian* Games, a *Present* for her *Son*.
Orpheus may tune up his *Melodious* Strings,
Yet none so sweetly as the *Siren* sings.
For that *Apostate* (an eternal shame
Confound the Rebel, and his hateful Name!)
Whose *Actions* all run counter to his *Oath*,
His debauch'd *Judgment* counter to them both;
Dull scribling *Traytor*, who would fain infuse
Treason into the heart of every Muse;
The wholsome streams of our *Parnassus* mud
Wirh nasty Dregs of *Wine*, and Lakes of *Bloud*;
With cold admittance thinks to baffle Love,
Blasphemously the *God* a *Bastard* prove;

Shall flagging flie, and in thoſe flights ſtill fall:
Parnaſſus Doves for him produce a *Gall.*
In vain he calls, and ſwells, and ſplits his Lungs,
Cupid has gagg'd their mouth, or ty'd their tongues;
But he that with *His Inſpiration* ſings,
Scorns the mean thredbare ſtile of warlike Kings,
Iambick Rage, great words, or mighty things:
But in a ſoft, a ſmooth, a gentle ſtrain,
Shall eaſe (and without *pangs*) his *teeming* Brain;
Shall as a *Prieſt* at *Cupid's Altar* wait,
And daily *numerous Offerings* conſecrate.
His *Reaſon* never in *Eclipſe* decay,
Nor he want *fire* to animate his *Clay.*
Eteſian Gales of Wit, *Invention* blow,
And *Paſſion* with *Perfection* joyntly flow.
Nature intent, whilſt this her *Maſter* ſings,
And *Immortality* mount him on her *Wings.*
His *Plaudits* ſhall be *eecho'd* through the *World,*
Himſelf to the *Elyſian Manſions* hurl'd.
By good *Experience* part *my ſelf* can prove,
I never write ſo well, as when I write of Love.

A Greek EPIGRAM
to Hemiera.
To Madam A---- R----.

WHen *Pallas* arm'd, met *Venus* in the Field,
Will you, ſaid ſhe, the *Prize* of *Beauty* yield?
Venus reply'd, If naked with my Charms
I can prevail, what need have I of Arms?

The SNOW-BALL.
A Tranſlation.
To Madam D---- B----

I*Dera Snow-balls* made, and at me threw;
What can a *perſecuted* Lover do?
What *Labyrinths* are theſe in which I rove?
Inextricable are the *Schools* of *Love.*
Ev'n *Snow*, O *Irony!* to *Fire* ſhe turns,
And every *Vein*, with *cold* ſtruck thorough, *burns.*
Ah what ſo cold! yet that ſhe could *inſpire*,
With heat enough to kindle my deſire,
Thrown only by her hands it ſet my heart on fire.

What Antidote can ſuch a Plague remove?
What place can ſave me from the Charms of Love?
If ev'n the Elements unconſtant prove;
If they (like all the World) begin to cheat,
If Contrarieties can ſo friendly meet,
And cold ſo naturally bring forth heat;
If Snow it ſelf a hidden Fire contains,
She only, only ſhe can eaſe my pains; [Chains
She captiv'd firſt my heart, ſhe muſt unlooſe my
But ah! my flames cannot be quenched ſo,
By virtue of cold Ice, or frozen Snow.

To Idera *wearing a* MASK.

A SONG

To Madam M---- R----.

1.

WHY ſhould hoodwink'd *Nature* die?
And blinded *Beauty* fade?
Grace, *Innocence*, and *Virtue* lie
Smother'd in *Maſquerade*?

2.

Let *Cupid's Monarchy* diſplay
His *Flags* of *White* and *Red*,
Nor give the World juſt cauſe to ſay,
Sick of a Maidenhead.

3.

Why ſhould the *Mountebanks* lay claim
To th' *Colours* of your *Skin*?
'T may raiſe a ſcandal on your Name,
Thô I ſhould think it ſin.

4.

Thô my *Implicit Faith* be ſtrong
Inviſibles to believe,
Thô I ſhould think I did you wrong,
To ſay you can deceive.

5.

Diſpel thoſe happy Clouds that kiſs
Your *Riſing Sun* unſeen,
That ſtrive to raviſh all the Bliſs,
And *interpoſe* a *Screen.*

6. Who

6.

Who would not at your Rays take fire?
T' *Arabian* Deserts flie,
And in a *Spicy Nest* expire,
And in a *Fever* die?

7.

Pity a bleeding, wounded *Hart*,
Abandon'd by the *Hard*;
I'd die, but for my better part,
Life is to be preferr'd.

8.

Let *Venus* boast her *Master-piece*,
Let all the World admire;
Let me alone the *Pride* possess,
Troy, *Greece*, —— may be on fire.

Bion

Bion Idyl. 2.

Ἰξευτὰς ἔτι κῶρος ἐν ἄλσεϊ δενδράεντι, &c.

To Mr. Dryden.

A Little *Stripling* once a ſhooting went,
And hot he was, and on his Game intent:
He ſpy'd the little *blinking Buzzard, Love,*
Sculking in a thick ſhady *Myrtle Grove*;
With joy and wonder ſtruck, firſt ſtones he flung,
And then his Bow, *ſure of his Buzzard,* ſtrung:
Cloſe by the Tree, a *Fated* Arrow drew,
But Love too quick, ſtill to another flew,
And all the *Archer's Policy* would not do.
Then to a *good old Man* he did himſelf apply,
Told him the News, and ſhew'd Love perching up on high.
The *Gaffer Plough-man* ſmiling, ſhook his head,
Pleas'd with the fancy, to the Artiſt ſaid,
Leave ſhooting, *Youngſter,* and believe my words,
Theſe are but *feather'd Monſters, Beaſts of Birds.*
Were you at man's eſtate, he'd act your part;
Love's a damn'd Marks-man at a ſeaſon'd heart.
Thô he flies now, then would he follow you,
And as a *greedy Vultur* cloſe purſue.
You are too young, he's for a nobler Prey;
Yet leſt he take a liking to you, get you hence away:

A PARAPHRASE

On the twenty third Idyl. *of* Theocritus,

From the beginning to

Ὡς δ' εἶπὼν λίθον εἶλεν, &c.

To Idera.

I.

AN amorous little *Swain*
Was ſet to keep
His Father's goodly *Flock* of *Sheep*,
In the *Arcadian* Plain:
By chance a *beauteous She* came by,
Whom when his watchful Eyes did ſpy,
His *Guardian* Eyes
That there ſtood *Centinel*, with wonder and ſurpize,
Marking the beauty of her *Angel*'s face,
Set off with a ſweet *Carriage*, and a heavenly *Grace*,
Bleſt with a pleaſant *Mein*, and ſprightly *Air*,
And all the dear *Enchantments* of the *Fair*;
Well ſatisfy'd, they let her paſs:
Who thus admitted, did impart
The ſecret to his *wounded* Heart. [brought,
Charm'd with the lovely Maid, that *Fate* had thither
Whoſe Beauty did ſurpaſs deſire or thought;

In

In making whom,
Nature for once did thus preſume
To go beyond her Rule, and place
On a ſweet *Virgin*'s Body, a *Cherub*'s Face;
Or rather to adorn
With more than heavenly Beauty, a Terreſtrial form.

II.

But ah! her Mind [unkind;
Not like to her *Seraphick* Face, proud, ſcornful, and
Deſpiſing thoſe whom Paſſion,
Whom reſiſtleſs Paſſion mov'd,
To humble Adoration, [lov'd.
Thoſe who diſdain'd her moſt, ſhe above all things
She knew not, nor deſir'd to know
The fatal power of *Cupid*'s Bow,
How oft, and how infallibly he throws
An amorous golden Dart,
To pierce the refractory Heart
That dare his injur'd Deity expoſe;
Cruel in deed and word:
Ne're the leaſt hopes of comfort would diſcover,
To a deſpairing, burning, dying Lover.
But in her Veins, *Fury* for *Paſſion* boils,
No *roſie Lips*, no *pleaſant Smiles*,
No *bluſhing Cheeks*, no *languiſhing Eyes*,
That might ſeem to *ſympathize*;

But

But as a chaſed *Boar* that fills
With roaring all the neighbouring Hills,
With *Vengeance* caſts his Eyes around,
And *foaming*, tears the *groaning* ground;
Till diſtant *Vales* the *Ecchо* trembling take,
The Foreſt all and every Creature ſhake:
So ſhe, *glances* her Eyes upon the *Swain*,
With deſperate Diſdain,
Adding more *fewel* to his never dying *Pain*.

III.

With ſcorn her Countenance turn'd pale,
And all her other Charms began to fail;
Diſdain had baniſh'd every Grace,
Thoſe *blazing Comets* of her Face,
Pride and *Contempt* took place.
Yet the *Shepherd* finds no Arms
For theſe fainting, ſickly Charms.
Her divine Sweetneſs he muſt ſtill admire,
Struck blind from Heaven with *Cupid*'s fire,
The *flaſhes* of an *impotent* deſire.
Alas! how vain does *ſpeechleſs Reaſon* prove!
When enter'd in that *Tyrant*'s Schools,
We learn his *Epidemick* Rules;
And fetter'd in the Chains of Love,
Turn *Faſhionable Fools*:
We cannot call our ſelves our own,
But our affections pay obeyſance to another's Crown.

IV. No

IV.

No longer able to contain,
Thô all in vain,
Thô all his words were Offerings to the Wind,
Deaf as ſhe was unkind!
Tears like the *Torrent* of a *ſwelling* Floud,
Tears from the Heart exhal'd, and drops of Bloud,
Their ſinking banks did overflow,
And drown the famiſh'd Vales below.
Trembling with dread and awful fear,
At laſt he ventur'd to draw near
The *Object* of his Love, the *Cauſe* of his Deſpair.
Firſt he preſumes to kiſs
The *ſacred* ground whereon he with *Devotion* trod,
As in the preſence of an angry *God*,
And then he ſtrove to ſpeak;
But conſcious Jealouſie oft gave a check,
And made his *half-out-liſping* words draw back.
Stam'ring at laſt he forc'd out ſuch a Speech as this.

V.

" Inexorable, cruel, ſtony Saint!
" *Blind* to my Tears, and *deaf* to my Complaint!
" Sure of ſome Lioneſs, or Tyger born,
"Unworthy of my Love, as I unworthy of your Scorn!
" A grateful *Preſent* to your *Shrine* I bring,
" The Welcome, and the only welcome thing,
" That

" That to my comfort, muſt remain,
" To eaſe me of my Pain,
" To eaſe me of my *Love*, and you of your *Diſdain*;
" And Lo! proud haughty *Nymph*, and Lo!
" How willingly I go,
" How willingly I go, and take delight
" In your Commands, thô baniſh'd from your ſight.
" I go where every *Love-ſick* mind
" An univerſal Remedy may find;
" The place is call'd *Oblivion's Land*,
" And *Lethe's lazy Lake* i'th' midſt does ſtand;
" Which were it poſſible that I could dry,
" In flames unquenchable I ſtill ſhould fry;
" Nor could I yet forget thy Name,
" So oft have I repeated o're the ſame.
" But find alas! no Water that can quench my Flame.

VI.

" Adieu, *fair Virgin!* and eternally adieu!
" Yet *thou* proud *Anaxarete!* learn what doom
" Undoubtedly ſhall on thy Beauty come,
" And from my dying mouth believe it true.
" The pleaſant *Day* is quickly done,
" *Flowers* in the Morning freſh, cut down by Noon;
" The bluſhing *Roſes* fade, and wither ſoon;
" White *Snow* that melts before the ſcorching Sun,
" So youthful Beauty's full of Charms, all in a moment gone.

The

" The time will come, when you your ſelf will prove
" How great a Deity is Love,
" Beauty, or Wit, will ev'n that ſcornful Soul alarm,
" A wanton *Ovid*, or a fair *Adonis* Charm;
" You'll offer *Hecatombs* of Prayers,
" Bedew your Sacrifice with flouds of tears,
" Day and night ſigh would, but you dare not woo,
" For all's in vain that you can do,
" No greater pity will you find than I from you.
'Then will your tortur'd *Conſcience* bring me into mind,
" Not to encourage you, but ſerve you in your kind;
" My reſtleſs *Ghoſt* ſhall come, [doom.
" Not with ſoft *Sighs*, but *Io*'s loud at your deſerved

VII.

" And yet grant me but this, ev'n this at leaſt,
" I'll ask no more, but grant me this Requeſt,
" Pull out the fatal *Dagger* from my Breaſt,
" And come and ſigh and mourn a while;
" I ask not (what I long'd for once) a *Smile*:
" But pull the *Dagger* from the Wound,
" And cloſe, and cloſe embrace me round:
" Thy *Veil* over my lifeleſs Body ſpread,
" Give me one kiſs, one kiſs when I am dead.
" I ask no more, coy *Daphne!* grant but this,
" A *meeting*, *parting* Kiſs,

" Seal my cold Lips with thine,
" When thou haſt ſuckt up all my dying breath,
" And mournful *Cypreſs* round my *Temples* twine,
" When to th' *Elyſian* Manſions I am fled.
" Nor needſt thou fear, thus ſummon'd after death,
" My raviſht Soul ſhould come again;
" No, all thy Courtſhip is in vain, [Plain.
" All cannot draw me from the Joys of the *Elyſian*

VIII.

Then build me up a ſtately *Tomb*,
For a cloſe *Retiring Room*;
In it place a Downy Bed,
Where Love may lay his *ſworn Confederate*'s head;
And leave me, after thou haſt three times ſaid,
My *Duſeraſtes*, He! *Soul* of my *Soul*, is dead.
Ah, *cruel* Death! that couldſt us two divide,
Had *Jove* but pleas'd that I for thee had di'd!
Write this upon my *Monument*, to prove
Your own Unworthy *Scorn*, my Conſtant *Love*:
Here lies a Lover, Kill'd by deep Deſpair;
Stay Reader, ſtay,
And only be ſo kind to ſay,
Alas! he lov'd, alas! he lov'd a Cruel Fair.

Chorus

Chorus 1. *Of* Seneca's Agamemnon. *To my Lord* Townſhend.

I.

FOrtune! thou ſlippery *Stage* of Kings,
Upon whoſe *Smiles* or *Frowns*
Depends the Settlement or Fall of *Crowns!*
What various Chances treacherous *Fortune* brings,
Mounting on deceitful *Wings!*
ToMonarchs *Scepters* gives, and ſets them up on high
Upon the tottering *Spires* of Dignity;
Then leaves them all alone,
Hung in the Air, upon a *Windy Throne*,
Volatil *Fortune* muſt be gone:
So let them fall or riſe,
Away the baſe perfidious *Juggler* flies.
How canſt thou put a Cheat on us, ſo bare,
Give us but *Tinſel* Goods for *Solid* Ware?
Wouldſt have them rich and gay appear,
Thô truly little worth, and truly very dear.

II.

'Tis not a Conqueror's *Sword* or *Crown*,
A *Prince's* Smile, or *Tyrant's* Frown,
Can make *Cares* at diſtance keep,
Or buy one ſhort-liv'd moment's ſleep.

Greatneſs is nothing but a pleaſant *Fable*,
Nor can it make a Soul invulnerable.
The *Court* is no ſecurity from pains,
Princes have wore their *Chains*.
One Miſery on another's neck does ride;
'Tis a troubled Sea, when *Fortune* is our Guide;
And 'tis a rare unuſual ſight,
In *Fate's black* Webs to ſee one thread of *white*.
The raging Waves tear up the Sand,
And foaming beat againſt the Land;
Yet not ſo faſt the *Tyde* can flow,
Yet not ſo faſt the *Wind* can blow,
As *giddy Fortune* raſhly throw
Out of her careleſs hand, the doubtful *Die*,
When in the *twinkling* of an *Eye*,
Kings Beggars, *Beggars Kings*, turn'd at her *Lottery*.
Kings would be fear'd, but even *Kings* we ſee,
Fear, leſt they that fear them, ſhould uſe *Treachery*.

III.

'Tis not the *Night* can give the *Balm* of *Reſt*
To thoſe whoſe *Spirits* are oppreſt
With *Care*, that *Night-Mare* on their breaſt.
Sleep is no *Antidote* t' expel
Fear, that *Firebrand* of Hell.
What City will not impious *Arms* deſtroy?
Slight was the *Cauſe*, great was the *Fall* of *Troy*.

Bloud-

Bloud-thirſty *War* ſwallows whole Kingdoms down,
Nor makes *two mouthfuls* of a *Crown*.
See the vaſt *Pyramids* that once ev'n reach'd the Skie,
Like *Mole-hills* in the duſt, or *Atoms* lie.
Chaſtity is at *Court* a hateful name,
And *ſilenc'd Juſtice* put to ſhame:
They laugh at *Wedlock*'s Sacred Tye,
Stifle gaſping *Innocence*,
Perjure their *Reaſon*, and debauch their *Sence*,
And impudently *give* ev'n *Truth* it ſelf the *Lye*.

IV.

But *War* in Hoſtile manner ſtands
With Spear advanc'd, and bloudy hands:
And there *Jove*'s *Executioners* all wait
To overturn thoſe Pinacles of State.
Furies in the *Triumphant* Chariot ride,
With *Whips* to check the *Conſul*'s pride.
Death in a thouſand dreadful ſhapes appears,
And gnaws on Conſcience prepoſſeſt with fears.
Crowns from *weight*, and *care* from *Kings*,
Are both inſeparable things.

V.

Yet ſuppoſe *Fate* offers no Violence,
Publick *Peace*, private *Innocence*,

Still things that are ſo high and great,
Cannot ſupport their feeble height,
But tottering down, ſink under their own weight.
If *Sails* be fill'd, thô by a proſperous wind,
Thoſe *Gales* may prove unkind.
A *Whirlwind* overturns the *Tower* that ſhrouds
Its lofty top amongſt the Clouds.
The little *Shrubs* in humble ſhades that ſpread,
See the vaſt *Oak*, whoſe proud aſpiring head
Defied the Thunderer, in the Forreſt lie
Sapleſs, wither'd, crackt, and drie.
Flaſhes of Lightning only Mountains ſtrike;
In this alone are Fortune's Scales alike:
Whatever's above weight muſt over fall,
Without exception, *All*.
Great *Bodies*, too luxurious grown
With ſomething more than properly their own,
Predominant Diſeaſes feed
Corruption in the Bloud, and Humours breed.
The fatteſt *Cattel* are for ſlaughter choſe,
To dangers *Greatneſs* muſt expoſe.
Whatever tottering *Fortune* does exalt,
Has only *Crutches* lent to learn to halt.

VI. Low

VI.

Low moderate things muſt needs bear longeſt date,
That man is truly, and is only Great,
That lives contented with a mean Eſtate.
Thrice happy is that man whoſe Means do lie
Above, or elſe below curſt *Fortune*'s Eye;
Nor like a Coward to the ſhore does creep,
Nor raſhly thruſts himſelf into the deep,

Parting with
His Dear Brother, Mr. Aſh Wyndham.

I.

MAke room, ye *Pygmie* Sons of Fame,
That with *Antiquity* would ſwell your name,
Proud before others, to have trod
The Paths of *Virtue*, and the Ways of *God*.
Thô laſt, I'll mend my pace,
Not they that ſet out firſt, muſt win the *Race*.
'Tis done! and now, *methinks*,
The ſtately *Monument* of *Niſus* ſinks,
And all thoſe *Hero's* duſt to *nothing* ſhrinks.
'Tis done! I mount upon the Wings of *Love*,
And through the Sky, by the *Twin-Stars* I move;

From whence thoſe little *Atoms* I review,
That once with Titles fill'd the World,
Thouſands into a crowded *Pitcher* hurl'd,
Wet with the Tears of *Moiſture* and of *Dew*.

2.

'Tis done! and all the Field's my own,
But ſtill *what ſhall I do to be for ever known?*
How ſhall I keep up this my flight,
And prove 'tis not *Preſumption*, but my *Right?*
'Tis done! and the unqueſtionable Heir,
Dear *Corydon*, will to my Title ſwear,
Ev'n He, whoſe name had ſpread from *Pole* to *Pole*,
Great and *diffuſive* as his *Soul*:
Had *Fame*, with all her hundred Tongues, but breath
To ſound him loud enough, till after death,
Whoſe Name was made to comprehend
All the Virtues of a Friend:
Too great for words, whoſe *Soul* needs no *tranſlation*,
Nature's one only work of *Supererogation*.

3.

Oh! I could almoſt wiſh that *Fate* would try
How unconcern'd for thee I durſt to die;
How at the *fatal Altar* I could ſmile,
Griev'd only at thy abſence for a while.

Proud

Proud as a *Harbinger*, to go before
To chuſe ſome *melancholy Grove*,
Where I together with my thoughts might rove,
And thy *auſpicious* Name implore.
Yet if not ſentenc'd to depart,
How gladly could I watch the *Guardian* of my *heart!*
Nor yet by day, nor yet by night,
Let thee ſteal one ſhort *moment* from my ſight.
How with thy *abſence* can I be content,
When every *minute* without thee, is miſ-ſpent?
But ah! the *Fruit*'s forbidden for a time,
And who the Tree dares climb?
Now were not *Jealouſie* a ſin,
I could once more, once, and *eternally* begin
Thy *Faith*, thy *Promiſe* to ſecure,
Not in a thouſand Oaths ſecure.

4.

Pardon (Dear *Corydon!*) too *zealous* Love,
That fain would all things prove;
Afraid on ſlender grounds to truſt,
Or can a Friend be over juſt?
For thô my faultring fears betray
Suſpicious doubts, yet I muſt ſtill believe
'T's impoſſible for *Corydon* to *deceive*;
Whoſe heart's *Truth's Hieroglyphick* well expreſt,
Preſiding in the Temple of your Breaſt.

Where

Where on that *Altar* I muſt humbly lay
This *Offering*, with my conſecrated *Vow*,
My *Sibyl*'s Golden Bough.
I ſwear by your *own ſelf*, and *truth* by you,
That to the ſelf-ſame Oath I will be true:
Nor need I tell you, for you needs muſt know,
I love you above all things here below.
By *Heaven* once more, and the *Almighty* Powers,
Intirely and eternally I'm Yours,

C. O.

To Mr. G. L. *an* O D E.

I.

DEar *George*, the better part
Of my united, now divided heart,
Accept of theſe rude Lines this Paper bears,
Conceiv'd in Sorrow, and *brought forth* in Tears;
Sad as th' Occaſion, haſty as thy Flight:
Nor wonder, if with ſo much pains
They wrought their paſſage through my brains:
No wonder, if ſo hardly I the *Dirge* endite,
Which ev'n my Pen clog'd with grief, cannot write:

No

No wonder, if my Verſes lag behind,
Since my Muſe with Tears is blind,
I to this Priſon here confin'd;
For ſure no better is that place to me,
Whilſt thou are abſent, whereſoe're it be.

2.

Seven days are paſt, ſince I beheld thy face,
In which *Divinity* it ſelf is writ,
And *Angel* all in every line of it;
Picture of *Beauty*, and the *Stamp* of *Grace*.
Seven! to what immenſe number does that word
Seven days! 7000 years in Love's account. [amount!
Every Minute is a Day,
Every Hour a tedious Year,
In which the Sun does once appear,
And in a moment vaniſhes away,
And leaves the miſerable cloudy Hemiſphere.
Seven days! before I could my ſilence break,
Thy Name in Accents interrupted ſpeak.
For ſeven long days upon the Rack,
And overwhelmed with the dreadful ſtorm,
Grief haunted me like th'evil Spirit of *Saul*;
Then in my wavering mind I thought,
What if I ſhould my ſelf to *David's* Harp apply?
And might not numbers be a Remedy?
I tried and found it nonſence all;

I tried again, and at the ſecond draught,
Like old *Deucalion's* Stones, all came to better form.

3.

To ſay, my Life is bound in thine,
In deed were a Tautologie;
For that as neceſſarily muſt be,
As that thou haſt a Soul divine.
But to expreſs the Grief and Conſternation,
When Soul and Body part;
For ſuch it is does ſeize my heart,
That, that only is above my paſſion.
Each day, my Sun, ſince you withdrew your light,
Has been an everlaſting Night;
And yet ſtill baniſh'd, *Thyrſis*, from thy ſight!

4.

I feel the *Pangs* and *Tortures* of a dying Soul;
Nay, I my ſelf am dead, thô but in part,
Whilſt you are my *Vicegerent* in my heart,
And muſt command the whole.
'Tis this alone that does ſupport
My ſinking Spirits from the Grave,
That thô the *Scorpion* ſtings, her bloud can ſave.
Greatneſs and *Fortune* do your abſence court;
Thô Fate does her malicious *Nature* ſhow,
To make ſuch bitter *ſtreams* from a ſweet *Fountain* flow.

5. Methinks

5.

Methinks I *Pylades* and *Oreſtes* ſee,
And muſt admire their conſtancie;
But when again I do recount
To what vaſt ſum my Debts amount,
How infinitely I am oblig'd to thee,
Their Friendſhip in the Balance laid,
And equally and fairly weigh'd
Againſt my ſpotleſs Love,
Lighter than *Vanity* does prove,
Tilts up, (like *Vapours* that the Air invade)
Whilſt mine is ſolid and does downward to its *centre* move:
No more to be compar'd, than *Atoms* to the *Sun*,
Or little *drops* unto the boundleſs *Ocean*.

6.

Pylades proffer'd his own Life, ('tis true)
And bare that puniſhment was juſtly due
To ‖ ſuch a Friend; but hadſt † thou died
Inſtead of him, thou hadſt been ſtil'd the *Matricide*,
* His horrid Crime transferr'd to you:

‖ Oreſtes, *who kill'd his Mother.* † Pylades. * *This, according to* Tully's *Maxim in his Treatiſe* De Amicitiâ, *proves, that theſe two could not be true Friends; for, ſays he,* Amicitia niſi in bonis eſſe non poteſt. Quid igitur? an cædes, bonum?

That

That Murther ſoon have put an end
To that proverbial name of Friend.
But as thy matchleſs Innocence
‖ Could only be a capital Offence,
Thy Vertues I would ranſom by my death,
And bleſs the Author with my dying breath.

7.

This I with leſs reluctancy could bear,
Than ſuch damnation to deſpair,
Than abſence from that glorious Sun, [none,
Who lends all Creatures light, and yet himſelf wants
'Tis from his Rays I ſteal *Promethean* fire,
Kindle my fatal † Spices, and expire:
Whoſe Worth and Vertues when I think upon,
Toſt by two different motions of my mind,
But both to the ſame end inclin'd,
I cannot be with-held, I muſt be gone:
My Soul is on the wing;
But being ſtopt by croſs Neceſſity,
She makes a Poſt of every Wind,
Sends word ſhe fears you grow unkind;
Commits to every blaſt a ſigh,
Then melts away into a piece of Poetry.
So when the Nightingale has gor'd her breaſt,
She tunes her Pipes, and quavers out her beſt:

‖ *An Apoſtrophie to his Friend.* † *An Alluſion to the* Phœnix.

And

And thô in the extremity of pain,
Has not forgot her uſual ſtrain,
But ſets her ſelf to ſing.

The SPRING.

To Mr. Ben. Wrightſon.

Ver adèo frondi nemorum, ver utile ſylvis:
Vere tument terræ, & genitalia ſemina poſcunt.
Vir. geor. 2.

HAil fragrant *Spring!* the charming pride of
Let *Heaven* ſmile upon this *ſolemn* day, [*May*,
The Sun new dreſt, ſhine with a brighter ray.
The *Feveriſh Summer*, *Aguiſh Winter* flie,
Conſumptive Autumn with her *Paſſie* die,
Or baniſh'd hence at the dread *Queen*'s command,
Go take poſſeſſion in another Land.
For *Flora* comes with Royal *Garlands* crown'd,
The *Flowers* kiſs her feet upon the ground;
The *Muſes*, *Graces*, and good *Genius* dance,
And with juſt Meaſures and ſweet Tunes advance.
Birds winged *Sirens*, *Choriſters* of the Sky,
In *Conſort* ſing, and in *Proceſſion* fly;

Each

Each keeps his proper Time, and Note, and Place,
Whilſt falling murmuring *Rivers* ſing the Baſe.
The *Eaſtern* winds *Arabian* Odours breath,
The *Weſtern* upwards blow thoſe Sweets they ſuck'd beneath.
The *Fields* array'd in their new *Robes* of State,
Upon their bounteous *Benefactor* wait.
Birds fan their wings, & ſpread their ſpeckled plumes,
And *Violets* make a Preſent of Perfumes.
The *Air* on *Primroſes* and *Lillies* feeds,
Melts *Spices*, and prolifick *moiſture* breeds.
The *Woodbinds* and the *Honyſuckles* ſtrive
Which with *Ambroſia* firſt can ſtock a *Hive*.
Nature does entertain the *Queen* with Feaſts,
And *Plays* and *Masks* acted by wanton Beaſts:
The *Elephant* plays Gambols with his Trunk;
The *Graſhopper* with dew of *Nectar* drunk,
To his own *Muſick* leads a *Country*-Dance:
Mettleſom *Horſes*, through their Paſture prance;
The active *Roes* and *Kids* at *Leap-Frog* play;
The whole *Creation* keeps a *Holy* day.
Now tempting *Venus*, naked *in her Hair*,
With her *Gallants* walks out to take the Air.
Love in his Mother's Locks hides all his Darts,
And takes his rounds to ſingle out his Hearts:
And here and there, ſtill as he paſſes by,
At random lets an amorous Arrow fly.

Day

Day and night *Vulcan* his vaſt *Bellows* blows,
Day and night the *Cyclopian Anvil* glows
With harden'd Metal work'd on th' *Forge* of *Fate*,
For *Shafts*, ſome gilt with *Love*, ſome tipp'd with *Hate*.
His *Stock* for all the following year, new ground,
Poiſon'd to carry *Death* in every *Wound*.
Proud *Peacocks* with their Tails expanded ſtrut,
And jealous *Rams* for recreation butt.
The Warlike *Steed* waves up and down his *Main*,
The Warlike *Steed*, the *Champion* of the Plain.
The *Bull* fights bloudy *Duels* for his Mate,
And to keep up the *Grandeur* of his State.
No *Fleecy* Tempeſts gather in the Sky,
Nor raging *Dog-ſtars* torrid heat now fry.
But *Sol* with his new *Chariot* ſhines more bright,
His *Horſes* breath leſs flame, and clearer light.
The *Silver Streams double refined* flow,
And *Fiſhes* friſk, to ſee the pompous *Show*.
Home the kind *Oak* the *Vine* his *Wife* receives,
And hides her nakedneſs with his own Leaves.
Turtles together billing ſit, and coo,
And with alternate glances ſilent woo.
Nightingales charm the liſtning Woods, to wreſt
Their tender Sprigs, to make a downy Neſt.
Flora's conducted to her Vernal Throne,
And now a *Trumpet* for Retreat is blown.

Once more her *Court*, the painted *Gardens* ſmile,
And ſweat out moiſture from their fruitful Soil.
The ſickly *Plants* revive, look freſh and fair,
The *Seaſon* temperate, clear the *Morning* Air:
The *Evening* drops down various ſweets in ſhowers;
Proſerpine plunders *Sicily* for Flowers.
The little eager *Virgin* never ſtands,
But fills her *Lap*, her *Boſom*, and her *Hands*:
The *Bloſſoms*, preſt by an untimely *death*,
Spin out their *Odour* with their dying breath:
(As *Bees*, kill'd by the wanton Boys in play,
Their *Honey* from their ſwelling *Bags* convey.)
Blind *Pluto* comes, innocent his deſign!
Led by the ſcent, and lights on *Proſerpine*:
Then greedy to ſecure thoſe fragrant Sweets,
He takes her too, and ſeizes all he meets.
Now more than her *Elyſian* Joys invite,
Now *Fate* unlocks the *Iron Gate* of *Night*,
The *Priſoner* viſits *Ceres* and the *Light*.
Almighty *Jupiter* deſcends to lie
With Mother Earth, and paſſing through the Skie,
The ſcorching *heat* of *Signs* malignant damps,
And with freſh *Oyl* ſupplies the heavenly *Lamps*.
Now *Mother Earth*'s full time is almoſt come,
Parent of all things, bears a pregnant *Womb*.
Nature is hatching Plenty on her Neſt,
Nature by youthful *Saturn* firſt compreſt.

This

This is the *Life* and *Spirit* of the Year,
With a brisk Air thus *Janus* does appear.
This the slick skin, the shrivel'd *Snake* does wear,
When her old *case* is ragged, loose, and bare.
Harmonious *Musick*, and *Seraphick Love*,
Is all those happy Souls enjoy above.
Now *Earth* is like the *Mansions* of the Blest;
Musick in every *Grove*, and *Love* in every *Breast*.
Here in this *natural Landskip* we may see
Hesperian Paradise in Epitomie:
For what was *Paradise*, but eternal *Spring*?
Let *Birds* of *Paradise* its Praises sing.
Hail, Sacred *Spring*! Hail to thy lovely *Green*!
Let the World shout, *Amen*; and cry, *God bless the Queen.*

Non alios primâ crescentis origine Mundi
Illuxisse Dies, aliumve habuisse tenorem
Crediderim. Ver illud erat: ver magnus agebat
Orbis, &c. Vir. Geor. 2.

Learning.

WHen dismal *Chaos* did the World confound,
And all lay in a common *Deluge* drown'd,
Horror, *Despair*, and *Death* reign'd all around.

Parnaſſus was the laſt that diſappear'd,
Or firſt his reverend top aſpiring rear'd.
The *Olive-Tree* then lifted up her head,
And ſmil'd to ſee no *Rival Beauty* bred.
Thus *Learning* is the next to our *Salvation*;
Laſt of the old, or firſt o'th' new *Creation*.

To Mr. R. Smith *of* King's *Colledge in* Cambridge.

Ingentes animos anguſto in Corpore verſant.
Vir. Geor. 4.

I Hear, my Friend, ſome dare profane your name,
Derogate from your Merit and your Fame,
Preſume your Body, for a capacious Mind
Too little, as if *Dwarfs* were *Fools by kind*.
Minerva ſure was no ſuch bouncing *Dame*,
The *puny* Product of *Jove*'s little Brain.
Apollo too was but a *Dapper Twin*,
By *Nature* and by *Birth* the next akin:
Apollo all the Wit from *Dian* ſtole,
Shar'd half his Father's *Rape*, but all his *Soul*.
The other rough, unhewen, long *Lubbers* made,
For Nonſence, Service, Slavery, and Trade.

The

The Sacred *Laurel* is it ſelf but low,
And with its humble and ſubmiſſive bough,
Does court the mighty *Brain*, the little *Brow*.
What thô your Body be *diminutive*,
Heav'n to your Soul can no *addition* give.
Inſects that have moſt Legs, do ſloweſt crawl;
The *Dove* of all Birds, only wants a *Gall*.
What greater Bruits go by the name of men,
Than a *Therſites*, or a *Saracen*?
What thô dumb Animals we can deſpiſe,
The *wiſeſt* man yet thought the *Ant* was wiſe.
A *Nut-ſhell* held the worth of *Homer*'s Brain,
And a ſmall *Bottle* could the *Winds* contain.
From narrow *Streights* vaſt rapid *Billows* flow,
And *Zephyrus* fruitful Gales do gently blow.
Full as much Prudence to the *Bee* is given,
As any wing'd *Inhabitant* of Heaven.
And the leaſt Body juſtly may aſpire
To one ſmall *ſpark* of the Celeſtial Fire,
The Great can do no more, the Great can mount no higher.
The barren *Tree* can in the Deſarts ſpread,
And threaten Heaven with its luxurious head:
Whilſt others low, and laden with their Fruit,
With bended Branches touch their very root.

Let *Fools* and *Coxcombs* prate what they think fit,
And burſt with Envy, they muſt ſtill ſubmit
To *Pygmie* Members, and *Gigantick* Wit.

To Idera *in Mourning, Going into Mourning Himſelf ſoon after.*

1.

PRovident *Fate* conſider'd well,
When at *one* double ſtroke *two* fell,
For *both* to *toll one Paſſing-bell.*

2.

Not that his ſtock of *Shafts* was low,
Nor did *they* one another know
For *Fellow-Travellers* below.

3.

But when ſhe ſaw *one* bleeding *heart*,
In different *Liveries* forc'd to part,
She drew a *reconciling Dart.*

4. When

4.

When therefore *there* a *Blank* was put,
Here Fate a *Thread*, grown *rotten*, cut,
And *Eyes* that could not *open*, *ſhut*.

5.

Of *hoary Grief* now *both* partake,
Or elſe a *ſolemn* Mourning make,
Idera! for one another's ſake.

6.

For thus by *Heaven* it was decreed,
Our *Myrtle*, for our *Mourning Weed*,
Incorporate ſhould together breed.

7.

Our *Streams* from the ſame *Fountain* flow;
From the ſame *Stalk* our Troubles grow;
The *Riſe*, the *Root we* only know.

8.

So when one *Flower's* torn, and preſt,
And ſmother'd in a *ſteaming* Breaſt,
That *Wound* will murther all the *reſt*.

9.

So if one *Baſe* be ſtruck alone,
The next that bears a heavy *tone*,
Will fetch a *Sympathetick Groan.*

10.

Learn from your *everlaſting Dye*,
Not with your *Black* to change your *Conſtancy*,
'T were better *you* ſhould mourn alone, than *I.*

A Paradox in Praiſe of Ambition.

To his dear Friend Mr. Edw. Taylour, *of* Merton *Colledge in* Oxford.

——Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit. Horat. *de Arte Poeticâ.*

1.

SOul of the *World! Spark* of *Promethean Fire!*
Sick of this lower Orb, my Breaſt inſpire!
Mount mé upon thy *Wings!*
To blow thy Thundring *Trumpet Fame*,
To be the *Herald* of thy Name,
And tune thy ſpeaking *Strings!*

Let

Let me for ever at thy *Altars* wait,
Know what it is to be *divinely Great.*

2.

Thou art the whole *Creation's Myſtick Sun,*
And thou art all its *Beauties* drawn *in one!*
For when thy *Glory's* ſet,
Thick *Clouds* muſt intercept the *Light,*
Black *Darkneſs,* and eternal *Night*
Their old *Dominion* get,
When thou art baniſh'd from thy Royal *Throne,*
Confuſion muſt her *Firſt-born Chaos* own.

3.

Thou doſt our groveling *Souls* from *Earth* tranſport,
From ſordid Earth, with *Jove* to keep our *Court:*
Thou doſt of *God* partake
A *Particle* of *heavenly Air,*
The *Badge* of *Honour* that we wear
For our *Diſtinction* ſake:
Elſe *Bruits* might claim *preeminence* over Man,
Nay *Bruits* would ſuffer by th' *Compariſon.*

4.

Thy *Engine* mounts our noble thoughts on high,
Deucalion's Stones have learnt the art to *flie:*

Thou

Thou doſt our *Metal* prove,
Thou haſt the everlaſting *Springs*
On which all great and mighty things
In their right order move;
Thy *Spirit* does *life* unto our *Souls* diſpence,
Thy *Center's* every-where, but no-where thy *Circumference.*

5.

Nor can our *leaden Faculties* aſpire
To one great Action, till thy *Veſtal Fire*
On our blind *Reaſons* ſhine;
From *Sleep* our dull *Affections* raiſe,
Free *Paſſions* from a miſty *maze*,
Our *dreſſie part* refine.
Whatever's *wonderful*, from thee muſt come,
Muſt be conceiv'd in thy *Omniſcient Womb.*

6.

What is it that I hear *Cæſar* thy *Heir*,
Cæſar, Soul of thy Soul, devoutly ſwear,
This Light ſhall either ſee
Cæſar degraded to a Tomb,
Or Cæſar *Pontifex of* Rome,
A Slave, or Monarch He.
Here *Soveraign Prince*, or there a *Soveraign Shade*,
Where amongſt *Nothings*, no *Diſtinction's* made.

7. It

7.

It was a thought worthy of thy own *Spirit*,
Nor was *Rome* over anſwerable for his *Merit*.
She could not put him by,
For over-rul'd by Power Divine,
They all their *Hearts* and *Voices* joyn,
And *Cæſar*, *Cæſar* cry.
It was the *breathing* of a Soul inſpir'd,
With a true *Principle* of *Honour* fir'd.

8.

Thus *Calchas* baffled in *Prophetick ſtrife*,
Redeem'd his *Honour* by his *loſs* of *life*.
And thus in *Robes* of *State*,
When ranſack'd *Rome* was all on fire,
The *Senate* only did deſire,
Like *Gods*, to meet their *Fate*.
Thus *Hannibal* could *Death* it ſelf command,
Reſolv'd to fall by none but his own hand.

9.

Stoicks in vain a *Rigorous Life* defend,
And to renounce *all Paſſions* would pretend:
Whilſt they ſubmit to *thine*,
Thee *Soveraign* over *Nature* own,
As a juſt *Tribute* to thy Throne,
Bodies and Souls reſign.

See *Cato*, for his *Honour* bleeding lie,
Brutus, the *Beſt of men*, for *Glory* die.

10.

Of *Alexander*, what ſhould I rehearſe?
Who took a Journy through the *Univerſe*,
Did all things there ſubdue;
Kingdoms againſt *Kingdoms* hurl'd,
At *one ſtroak* conquer'd all the *World*,
And ſhock'd ev'n *Nature* too:
At laſt with Tears *cram'd* into a ſmall *Tomb*,
Complaining in theſe narrow *ſtreights* for *want* of *room*.

11.

And now methinks ten thouſand *Heroes* throng,
To hear and bear a part in this my *Song*;
Where in the *Front* I ſpy
Hercules by his Pillars ſtand;
Scævola with his wither'd hand;
Codrus and *Decius* vy:
With *Palms* the Royal *Champions* all in *white*
In a *Proceſſion* go, a *Glorious Sight!*

12.

What thô th' Rebellious *Giants* groaning lie,
Stretcht out under a vaſt Eternity?

What

What thô that hateful name
Catiline greedy to be Great,
Make nothing to devour a State?
Their's was a *Baſtard Flame.*
For pure *Ambition* nothing will ſuggeſt,
Nothing but what will ſtand ev'n *Virtue*'s Teſt:

13.

Nor a diſhonourable *Scaffold* climb,
To build to Heaven, to compaſs her deſign;
Nor when in queſt of *Fame*,
To quench her never-dying Thirſt,
Take draughts of *Poiſon* till ſhe burſt,
And ſo procure a Name.
From a baſe Thought or Action ſhe will fly,
Too near akin to *Virtue* to comply.

14.

When *Heav'n* firſt made our active *Souls* of *Fire*,
Heaven deſign'd thoſe flames ſhould all aſpire.
Can we be ſo unjuſt,
Our divine *Natures* to debaſe?
Crawl with the *Serpent* on our *Face*,
And lick our Native Duſt?
Our *Souls* as heavy as our *Corps* of *Clay*,
Not unlike *Worms*, were we not worſe than they.

15. But

15.

But above all *our Tribe* with thee poſſeſt,
Indulge thy *brooding motions* in their breaſt.
In thy wing'd *Chariot* riſe,
The glorious works of *God* ſurvey,
The *Regions* of eternal *Day*,
And Flowery *Paradiſe*:
Sometimes *above* take an immortal flight,
Or paſs through *Tempe's Valleys* of Delight.

16.

Thou with the *influence* of thy fruitful *Beams*
Reflect'ſt a warmth on *Helicon's* cold ſtreams:
By thee, the heavenly *Quire*
All their harmonious *Anthems* ſing,
Apollo without thee's no King,
Thou breatheſt on his *Lyre*.
By thee the *Palm* preſt down, ſtill higher ſhoots,
Till *Heaven* her *Branches* kiſs, and *Hell* her *roots*.

17.

Full of thy *Power* I can no more contain,
But the exceſs of *Pleaſure* turns to pain;
Alas what ſhall I do?
Still but a *younger Son* of *Fame*,
Nor that —— a *Cypher* of a *Name*,
A *Dwarfiſh* Poet too?

How

How ſhall I *Nature* underhand engage,
Not thus to *meaſure out* my *Portion* by my *Age* ?

18.

What *Manure* is't will ripen *Barren Brains* ?
How ſhall I ſpin out Senſe in *Waller's* ſtrains ?
Oh ! that I could but draw
All thoſe beauteous *Charms* that lie
Under the *Veil* of *Poetrie*,
And could ſtrain *Nature's* Law,
To comprehend all *Wiſdom*, and all *Wit*,
Nor, *by thy light*, upon the *Rocks* of *Error* ſplit !

19.

What ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make Perfection's Quinteſſence my own !
But all my thought's in vain,
I only can my ſelf apply
To *Cæſar's* fatal Remedy,
I *flag* in every *ſtrain*,
And like the *Nightingale* muſt e'en expire,
Vanquiſh'd, and *dumb* on the *Victorious Lyre*.

To Idera.

Age in a Looking-glaſs.

O quam continuis, & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis! deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Diſſimilemque ſui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentesque genas, & tales adſpice jugas,
Quales umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca ſaltus,
In vetulâ ſcalpit jàm mater ſimia buccâ, &c.
Juv. Sat. 10.

DO not, *haughty Nymph*, diſdain
The *Incenſe* of an Humble *Swain!*
What thô you're *Great?* what thô you're *Fair?*
Age and *Death* will not ſpare.
A *furrow'd Cheek*, a *wrinkled Chin*,
An *old tough Hide*, a *Saffron Skin*,
Sore, Rheumy Eyes, the *Senſes gone*,
Fal'n Jaws, nothing but skin and bone,
The Picture of a Skeleton,
May be thought ſomething like a *Face*,
To one that loves the former *Grace*;
Apollo ſcorns a cold *Embrace*.
Then like *Marpeſſa* chuſe a Joy,
Not *tranſient*, nor apt to *cloy*:
A conſtant *Love*, that's like to laſt,
Thô *Clouds* and *Storms* ſhould *overcaſt*.

Apollo

Apollo takes you for a time,
And only *courts* to taſte your *Prime:*
A *God* too goodly to engage
His *Faith* to *Females* for an *Age:*
Muſt through all *Cupid's Labyrinths* range,
His *Love* as often as his *Viſage* change;
But *Idas*, thô a *Mortal*, yet may prove
Immortal in his *Love:*
None can like *Idas* conſtant be,
And none like *Idas* can reſemble *Me.*

SOLITUDE.

To his dear Brother, Mr. Aſh Wyndham.

Sic ego ſecretis poſſum bene vivere ſylvis,
Qua nulla humano ſit via trita pede.
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, & in ſolis tu mihi Turba locis.

1.

O *Corydon!* how I hug my ſelf to think!
When in this troubled *Sea* the *World*,
All thruſt into the Main,
Till by a *Hurricane*,
Through the *Abyſs* with *Vengeance* hurl'd,
With horrible *Adieus* they parting ſink.

2.

Whilſt I upon the ſilent ſhore, ſecure,
Fear neither ſtormy *Wind* nor *Tide*,
With *elevated* Soul,
Can move from *Pole* to *Pole*,
And through the aery *Regions* glide,
Need only pity what they muſt endure.

3.

The *World* will take no notice of my Name;
Well then I'll let th' *Impoſtor* ſee
I have my *Paſſions* broke,
Brought *Pride* to wear a Yoke,
I'm as *Indifferent* as ſhe;
No — I will never ſtop her *Trump* of *Fame*.

4.

That curſed word the *World* bliſters my Tongue,
It breaths out all the Plagues of *Hell*;
'Tis *Nonſence* intricate,
Unintelligible ſtate,
That puzzles all my Brains to ſpell,
If I gueſs right, *Man's Duſt the World is Dung*.

5.

I never could any *Contexture* find,
Confuſion only is her courſe,
Her Joys but pleaſant *Fictions*,
A Maſs of *Contradictions*,
All *Guilt*, all *Trouble* and *Remorſe*;
This is the *World*, or ſhe or I am blind.

6.

She never yet was in true *Colours* drawn;
All, *Diſappointments*, *Pains*, and *Fears*,
One *Scene* of *Miſery*,
Conſtant Inconſtancy,
Tempeſtuous World, a *Vale* of *Tears*,
For our chief *Happineſs Chance* the only *Pawn*.

7.

Paſſions, and *Diſcontents*, and *Jealouſies*,
Publick *War*, and Domeſtick *Strife*,
Perjury and *Deceit*,
This *Gall* confounds the *Sweet*,
And *poiſons* all the *Joys* of Life;
And our vains *Hopes* muſt end in penitential *Sighs*.

8.

Oh! I am *ſick*, and my head *giddy* turns,
The thoughts of *noiſe* I cannot bear,
Impertinence ſtrikes me through,
Buſineſs that kills me too,
Death is leſs terrible than *Care*;
To get from this *Fools Paradiſe* my heart burns.

9.

Who would not then with us, *dear Friend*, retire?
Accept the happineſs to *ſhroud*
Under a ſhady *Screen*,
To walk along *unſeen*,
Wrapt like *Æneas* in a *Cloud*,
And ſee the *World*, as he did *Troy*, on *fire*.

10.

'Tis more than time, *my Soul*, that we were gone,
Delay, *my Corydon*, does us wrong;
The *World* will grow more bold,
Still loth to quit her hold,
For her Temptations they are ſtrong.
Come then and put blind *Pluto's Helmet* on.

11.

——What a fair *proſpect now have we!*
Can undiſturb'd together ſtand,
Enjoy our ſelves, and all
The *World* her *goods* can call,
And touch the *Globe* but with our hand,
And all things *paſt*, *preſent*, and *future* ſee.

12.

Here at *Earth's* puff'd up *Bubbles* we can ſmile,
Her *fucus'd Vanities* deſpiſe,
Divert with pleaſant Chat,
Diſcourſe of this or that,
Still aiming to be truly *wiſe*,
With *Books*, or harmleſs *ſport*, the time beguile.

13.

Full of *our ſelves*, what can we wiſh for more?
We find us work enough, to tend
The habit of our *Soul*,
Our *Paſſions* to controul,
To do the *Duties* of a *Friend*,
'Tis the miſtaken *World*, not we, are poor.

14.

Here in an empty *Theater* we ſit,
Retir'd to keep our *Holy-day*,
Our *Minds* the *Scenes* muſt be,
The *Critical Spectators* we,
Of one anothers *Life*, the *Play*,
The *Authors* and the *Judges* of our Wit.

15.

If we have *acted well* in *Heaven's* ſight,
What thô we hear no *ecchoing Stage*?
Or when our State we change,
What thô our names ſeem ſtrange,
Unknown to a ſucceeding Age?
Without that *Witneſs* happy *Democrite*!

16.

Why ſhould we *Fame*, that treacherous *Idol*, court?
That ſets us up for *Envy's* Mark,
That *burns* us with the *Rays*
Of undeſerved *Praiſe*,
Only to blind us in the *dark*,
To throw us down again, for *fear* or *ſport*.

17.

Fame's breath is ſhort, when ſhe muſt trumpet *loud:*
'Tis ſeldom that ſhe comes alone;
She's an unconſtant Gueſt,
That loves to change her Neſt,
True Worth, true Praiſe would not be known.
The Sun looks brighteſt through a ſilver Cloud.

18.

On an *embroider'd Bank* here we can pick and chuſe
An unbought, ſavory, wholſome Diſh,
On *Leaves* ſerve up our *Fare,*
Perfum'd with the ſweet *Air:*
Then *Corydon!* to compleat our *Wiſh,*
Our *Recreation, Friendſhip,* and a Muſe.

19.

Sometimes we take a pride to ſtand and ſee
Bees bring their yellow *Harveſt home,*
Unload their *ſwelling Thighs,*
And as their *Goddeſs* wiſe,
Spin it into their *Hony-comb.*
Happy *Spectators!* happy *Rivals* we!

20.

Sometimes upon a *Downy Couch* of *Graſs*,
On *Flowery Cuſhions* ſtretcht we lie,
To hear a dying *Swan*,
More ſenſible than Man,
Warble forth a ſweet *Elegy*:
Or in ſoft Tunes the *purling Rivers* paſs.

21.

Or elſe diſſolv'd in *Eaſe*, lay down our heads
In *Slumbers* as our *Natures* kind,
Bound in each others Arms
By *Virtue's* ſtricteſt Charms,
Lull'd aſleep by the *whiſtling Wind*,
On eaſie *Velvet*, fragrant *Violet-beds*.

22.

The name *Diogenes* juſtly none can give,
Nor *churliſh* call our *Innocence*:
With *Solitude* thus crown'd,
What *Firebrand* can be found?
Unleſs our *Happineſs* give offence:
For in the *World*, as out of it, we live.

Some-

23.

Sometimes hear *Eccho* her *Misfortunes* tell,
See how she'll watch the *lovly Boy*
Narciſſus, as he looks
Into the *Cryſtal Brooks*:
Her *vocal Reparties* enjoy;
Or the *melodious Notes* of *Philomel*.

24.

Sometimes in ſhady *Groves* together walk,
And ſatisfy'd with *humble* Sights,
See *Art* and *Nature* both digeſt
In *Milton*, *Waller*, and the reſt:
Full and unparallel'd *Delights!*
Of *Love* and *Solitude* divinely talk.

25.

Each *Dryad* that is *worthy* of the *Wound*,
Each *Tree* that's *worthy* of the *Mark*,
Our mutual *Friendſhip* know,
Under our *Auſpice* grow,
Thyrſis and *Corydon* on the *Bark*,
Thyrſis and *Corydon* the *Woods* reſound.

26.

But above all, the *Aſh* aſpiring ſhoots,
Thy *Badge* of *Honour* proud to wear;
The *Aſh*, a *Tree* for *Jove*,
The *Aſh*, it ſelf a *Grove*,
Proud *thy Name in hers* to bear,
She nods her trembling *Head*, and ſtrouts her ſwelling *Roots*.

27.

The *Nymphs* here take their rounds, and dance, and play;
The *Hamadryads* at us peep;
Crocus and *Hyacinth*, ſome bring,
Daiſies, the *Maidenhead* of the *Spring*:
Others behind us ſoftly creep,
And ſteal our *Songs* and *Paſtorals* away.

28.

When our light hearts are for a looſer Rein,
To *Banquets* we our ſelves invite,
Conſorts of *Muſick* and of *Love*,
Ambroſia from above;
Verſes for *ſecond Courſe* recite,
And with *alternate Trifles* entertain.

29. Or

29.

Or we converſe with *Garden Myſteries*,
See the emulous *Roſes* blaſt;
The loving *Ivy* twine;
The *Wall* cling to the *Vine*;
And *Flora* taking her repaſt:
Adam might envy in his *Paradiſe*.

30.

And thus withdrawn from *buſineß*, *noiſe*, and *ſtrife*,
We *double* our few fleeting *days*,
And when *together fled*,
Fate having cut *our Thread*,
Were we ſent back into this *Maze*,
We'd act but the ſame Scene, our former life.

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem, ſilvaſque inglorius. O, ubi campi,
Sperchiúſque, & virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta! O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra! &c.
Fortunatus & ille, deos qui novit agreſtes,
Panaq; Silvanumq; ſenem, Nymphaſque ſorores.
Vir. Geor. 2.

To a young Lady that conſtantly ſlept at Church.

1.

I Often wonder'd, as I lay,
Wiſhing for my Books, and Day,
What *Hag* ſhould ſit upon my *Breaſt*,
That I could neither *ſpeak* nor *reſt*;
What could that Stranger *Morpheus* keep
From his nightly *Tribute*, *Sleep*.

2.

When *Love*, with an *enchanted Key*,
Thus unlock'd the *Myſtery*:
Sleep ſaw, and not without ſurprize,
The Charms of *Idera*'s piercing Eyes;
Then paid a *Viſit* to her *Heart*,
And now he knows not how to part.

3.

But here poſſeſt with *Jealouſie*,
Himſelf the *Watch* of her fair *Eye*,
Leſt with *Religion* tempting *Jove*,
Should anticipate her *Love*,
From her *Devotion* in the day,
Reſolves to *raviſh* her away.

4. Will

4.

Will ſeize on *Thyrſi*'s heart no more,
Stand *Centry only* at *her* door:
Nor will open *Caſements* truſt,
(Suſpicious are the Rapes of Luſt)
But in her *Bath* a *ſweating* lies,
I'th' *Exhalations* of her *Eyes*.

5.

Yet if 't be *ſhe* does ſteal my *ſleep*,
If *ſhe* my *Senſes* waking keep,
Let thoſe *ſtolen Goods* be *ſweet*,
Proſp'rous the *Pillage* of her *Sheet*.
Sleep ſtill refreſh her flagrant *Beams*,
Till with thee ſhe ſhares my Dreams.

6.

Sleep ſtill be happy, ſtill be proud,
To bear the Office of a *Cloud*:
For if her *Sun* thus raging burns,
Unleſs thy *Fan* the ſcorching Fervour turns:
My *Neſt* will e'en be ſet on *fire*,
And then the *Phœnix* muſt expire.

To Idera,

Putting a Copy of Verſes in at her Window at Midnight.

Nox erat & Cælo fulgebat Luna ſereno,
Inter minora ſydera——Hor.

THou conſcious *Night*, my *Strategem* conceal!
May no perfidious *Dreams* my Theft reveal!
No Tell-tale *Stars* come prying near this way,
By *ſilent ſigns, dumb motions* to betray!
Propitious *Venus*, only ſhe ſhine bright!
To blind the reſt, and give a *Lover* light!
" Go to the *Enemies* Quarters, happy *Scout!*
" There unconcern'd, undaunted look about,
" *Soft* as thy *Meſſage*, as thy *Maſter ſtout.*
" If any rude, uncivil Hand ſhould preſs,
" Exclaim againſt thy own unhappineſs!
" Or ſilent truſt th' event; Thou ſliely fraught
" With *Sinon*'s Art, wilt to the *Queen* be brought:
" And when into her *preſence* thou art come,
" She'll read a line or two, then ſee *from whom*;
" Enquire *where taken:* ſtill her heart will fail,
" *The treacherous Priſoner muſt be ſent to Jayl,*
" That comes to ſteal the *Hoſtage* of her *Heart*,
" And lies in *Ambuſh* with the *charming Art.*

" *Idera*

" *Idera* mov'd with pity, will repent,
" Some pretty amorous *punishment* invent;
" Perhaps, as much as she has read, she'll burn,
" 'Till *Flouds* of *Tears* the *Flames* shall inward turn;
" *Sympathy* only will the Fire remove,
" In the old *Channel* set the *course* of *Love.*
" Under her *Pillow* the *Remains* she'll lay,
" By *night* to be her *Dream*, her *Song* by *day.*
" Which whilst she quavers out, the other part
" May pass her *Guards*, and seize her *captiv'd Heart.*
" Thou in *Perfumes* shalt either ravisht die,
" Or in the *Milky Way* translated lie.
" Go my *Embassadour!* before 't's too late,
" And oft revolve *Scævola*'s noble *Fate.*
" Carry these *Kisses*, *Seals* of my command,
" *Unsully'd* let her have them all at *second hand.*
" Go—— let her *Rosie Mouth*, her *Balmy Lips*,
" (*Where* Cupid *all his golden Arrows dips*)
" The warm *Virginity* of these *Kisses* taste;
" Go—nor thy time, nor their sweet *odour* waste.
" These give her, as a *Pledge*, that I will own
" *Thyrsis* a humble Slave to *Idera*'s Throne.
" Go— *my Soul with thee take* —thy Fortune try,
" Dangers and Difficulties all defie,
" What if thou shouldst like *Codrus*, or like *Decius* die?

To Idera, Speechleſs.

Dicere quæ puduit, ſcribere juſſit amor. Ov.

1.

LOng has this grand *Miſtake* deceiv'd *Mankind*,
To think that Love is only blind;
The *Serpent* too has loſt his *Tongue*,
When he has any untaught *Novice* ſtung.

2.

He leaves his *Venom* in the rankled *Wound*,
That cloſes up as it were ſound,
Spreads out into a *bluſhing Cheek*,
And yet the *Lips* hard by can nothing ſpeak.

3.

Whether 'tis *Ecſtaſie*, or *Fear*, or *Zeal*,
Whoſe prevalent *motions* thus we feel,
I know not yet —— but this I know,
Theſe are my *Symptoms*, and my *Caſe* is ſo.

4.

Here in a *Hective Fever* I muſt burn,
And I can neither *ſpeak* nor *turn*,
Can neither have nor hope for Eaſe;
Sure 'tis an *Incubus* is my *Diſeaſe*.

5. Fain

5.

Fain would I tell her plainly all my mind,
But neither *Tongue*, nor *Heart* can find;
My conſcious *guilt*, and modeſt *ſhame*,
In *Virgin Red* ſtifle my youthful *Flame*.

6.

'Tis true my *Eyes* long ſince betray'd their *ſmart*,
When *Love* ſhot through into my *Heart*,
When all your *Charms* took ſo much pains
T'infuſe an *amorous Heat* into my *Veins*.

7.

Exceſſive *hot*, or beyond meaſure *cold*,
My *Fits* too *violent* to *hold*:
By *heat*, *incapable* I'm made;
When *cold*, I am *indifferent* and *afraid*.

8.

Turtles for *Mates* thus one another Prove,
Their *Eyes* the *meaſures* of their *Love*.
And thus *Pygmalion* choſe a *Wife*,
An *Ivory Statue* carv'd out to the *life*.

INCURABLE.

To Idera.

Hei mihi! quòd nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.
Ovid.

1.

HOW oft have I, like wretched *Dido*, ſwore
I'd court *Inconſtancy* no more?
But 'tis in vain, for I *muſt* ſtill *adore*.

2.

I *pluck* not up the *root*, but *lop* the *Tree*,
Weave *Vows*, as *Webs*, *Penelope*;
Still tempted *I*, and ſtill as charming *ſhe*.

3.

I ſtrive to skin the *Wound* of *Cupid*'s Dart;
With a new *Itch*, and tickling *Smart*,
Still it breaks out again upon my *heart*.

4.

I pour into the *fifty Siſters Urn*;
And *Siſyphus* his Stone I turn;
Leave off, t' begin again, and quench my ſelf to burn.

5. How

5.

How oft have I dragg'd home my *Fugitive*?
But ſtill my *Heart* the *ſlip* will give,
My Heart, that cannot without *vital Paſſion* live.

6.

With *Books* and *Buſineſs* I would entertain,
But *Books* are *toil*, and *Buſineſs* pain:
He's gone I know not how, and all my Art's in vain.

7.

The *Oak* and *Ivy*, which together grow,
If parted by an unkind *Blow*,
Their *Arms* will about one another throw.

8.

So *Birds* that now forſake their *Neſts* through fear,
When they ſome *danger* ſee or hear,
Will build again in the ſame place, another year.

To the Ingenious Mr. Barker.
Saul's *Witch of* Endor.

A Long and proſperous Reign had *Saul* enjoy'd,
With the exceſs of Peace and Plenty cloy'd,
Of dayly *Triumphs* and new *Trophies* proud,
Not one *Eclipſe*, nor melancholy *Cloud*;
In *Peace*, his Peoples *Guardian*, and their *Shield*,
Always his *Arms victorious* in the *Field*;
Fraught with *Succeſs*, and *paſſive Duty* crown'd,
None that durſt *queſtion* his *Proceedings*, found,
When now for *Bloud* his thirſty *Spirits* crav'd,
(Like *Diomede's* Horſes) he for *Man's fleſh* rav'd.
His *Sword* already had been ſatisfy'd,
Reaking from *Enemy's* freſh Wounds, new dy'd
With purple *Gore* and a polluted *Tide*.
Well then *for change*, th' *ungrateful wretch* intends
To *ſheath* it in the *boſom* of his *Friends*:
And he muſt have that *Life*, that was laid down
For *God's*, for *Iſrael's* Honour, and the *Crown*;
When conſcious *Jealouſie*, and pretended *Zeal*,
Upon *Ambition* whet the *envious Steel*.
David, who did a *Miracle* for *Saul*,
Muſt ſtand a *Mark* for *Javelins* at the Wall:

Goliah's

Goliah's head, muſt make him loſe his own,
Becauſe he kill'd the *Monſter*, he alone,
With a ſmall *Sling* and little *Pebble*-ſtone.
Becauſe he did that which none elſe could do,
Six Cubits with five hundred Shekels ſlew.
Unhappy *Youth!* whoſe ſervice thus repaid
By him that muſt have fal'n, without thy aid!
And muſt his *Life* and *Kingdom* be reſtor'd,
To kill thee with the ſame *Victorious Sword?*
In what, innocent *Youth!* couldſt thou offend?
A crime to be a *Saviour* and a *Friend?*
No Arms waſt thou beholden to from *Saul*;
A little Stone, and Leather Thong was all.
Goliah did not *challenge*, but *defy*,
Not only *Treaſon* belch, but *Blaſphemy*:
If to ſave *Saul*'s a capital offence,
Thy *death* be juſtify'd by that *pretence*,
It cannot be imputed ſin or ſhame,
To ſtand up bravely for *Jehovah*'s Name.
Nor can they make out any other *Plea*,
To tax thee with the leaſt *diſloyalty*:
For *David* never yet his *Prince* forſook,
Ambitious only of a Shepherds *Crook*.
Nothing receiv'd, but what was juſtly due,
Nor that, till promis'd once, and proffer'd too.

Here by the way, could I ſit down, and ſhed
Whole flouds of Tears for thee, and in thy ſtead

Lay down my Soul, the *Javelin* cuts the Air,
And trembling glances through the *Champion*'s hair:
Thou ſtand'ſt upon thy guard, thy own defence,
Arm'd only with the *Mail* of *Innocence*.
Canſt unconcern'd, upon thy *Muſick* play,
And to thy *Harp* again another day.
To ſee thy *troubles* and to trace thy *flight*,
Unſafe by day, yet leſs ſecure by night;
Thy *Wife* expos'd to danger for thy ſake,
Muſt one diſtracted *Vow* of Duty break:
Jonathan muſt renounce *Father*, or *Friend*,
Or elſe his life, in death for *David* ſpend.
But cauſeleſly we all our Tears impart,
God needs muſt love the *Image* of his *heart*:
And as he can, he will his Darling ſave,
And bury all his troubles in the *Tyrant*'s Grave.
Here then we truſt him to th' *Almighty*'s hand,
And the *Philiſtins* now invade the Land.

The *Scene* is chang'd, and for a ſingle *Flea*
Men, like the Sands or Waves upon the Sea,
Gigantick Warriours, *Trees* for *Javelins* wield,
And ſtrut along, and challenge all the Field.
What ſhould *Saul* do? *God* and *Man* perſecute;
His *Dreams* are ſilent, and his *Prophets* mute:
Urim's forgot its old prophetick ſtrain,
And *Saul*'s among the *Prophets* too in vain.

Witches

Witches dare only be with *Imps poſſeſt*,
And carry their *Familiars* in their *Breaſt*.
'Tis Death, to draw a *Circle* in the Sand;
'Tis Death, to have but a *Magicians* Wand:
Yet for all this (*tho it ſeem ſomething odd*)
The *Devil* muſt be the *Meſſenger* of *God*.
But hard *neceſſity* maintains his Cauſe,
To break through *God's*, his *own*, and *Kingdom's Laws*.
A Witch, or no Witch, he would only learn
Th'unknown *Event* of ſuch a Great *Concern*.
To *Endor* then, but not without *diſguiſe*,
In the extremity of madneſs wiſe;
Where firſt on *God*, he for the *Devil* does call,
For ſhe was leſs afraid of him, than *Saul*,
And with an Oath confirming his deſign,
To theſe *infernal* Rites conjures *divine*.
When to her *Cabin* now the Witch returns,
Sulphur and *Pitch*, mixt in a *Cauldron*, burns:
Infuſing *Vervain*, *Moly*, *Night-ſhade*, *Rue*,
Then on the Floor five Magick *Circles* drew,
With gloomy *Cypreſs* round her *Temples* twin'd,
She ſcatter'd dead mens *Aſhes* to the *Wind*;
Thrice *Salt* and *Bran*, Venefick Offerings ſtrow'd,
Pouring out thrice a *Black fleec'd Lamb's* warm *Blood*,
And burning *Pæony*, *Fern*, and *Heliochryſe*,
She ſtrikes upon her hollow *Cymbal* thrice;
And *heaving*, *ſwelling*, *foaming*, then ſhe cries,
With an infernal Howl, *Riſe*, *Samuel*, *riſe*.

The parting *Ground* was with *Convulsions* torn,
By *ſubterraneous* Winds he upwards born,
Wrapt in his *Prophet's* Mantle, like a *God*,
In a bright *Fiery Chariot*, whirling rode.
But the *Witch* trembling at ſo *ſtrange* a *ſight*,
And terrify'd with ſo *divine* a *Light*,
Cried out; and what through wonder, and ſurprize,
Knew not the *Fiend* aſſuming that *diſguiſe*.
But eager *Saul* ſtill preſſing her to tell
What ſhe had wrought by *virtue* of the *Spell*,
Samuel thus preventing ſilence broke,
With profound *Reverence*, in ſoft *Whiſpers* ſpoke.
Saul! Saul! *why troubleſt thou my Soul at reſt?*
My Soul, to leave the Manſions of the Bleſt?
Why, raiſing Tumults thus among the Juſt,
Offer'ſt thou Violence to my ſacred Duſt?
Why ranſackeſt my Grave? and ſummon'ſt me
From my Long Home, Seat of Eternitie?
But *Saul*, big with *Repentance* in his *Eyes*,
And with a *Heart* as full of *Grief*, replies:
It was thy Office, Samuel, *once to bleſs*;
Canſt thou not pity now in my diſtreſs?
When the Philiſtins *dare new Wars proclaim*,
Defie my Hoſts, deſpiſe my Royal Name,
Whether to ſet up David *in my Throne*,
Or take my Life, God knows, and God alone;

But this I know, God fights againſt me too:
What ſhould a Prince, when thus forſaken, do?
By God, by Man caſt off, diſdain'd, forlorn,
My Peoples Burthen, and my Enemy's Scorn;
His Vengeance perſecutes me, wretched Saul!
The Curſe of God, and a Reproach to all;
My Prophets ſilent, and my inſpir'd Lute,
Together with my Dreams and Viſions, mute:
Therefore it is, by a more powerful Spell,
I call thee up, for thou alone canſt tell
What a diſtreſs'd, abandon'd Prince can do;
Thô God hath left me, let not Samuel *too.*
Thus trembling *Saul* bow'd his *Anointed* Head,
When *Samuel* thus in hollow Murmurs ſaid:
Can I, poor Saul! *reaſon the Caſe with God?*
Put by the ſtroak of an Almighty Rod?
Can I, without Heaven's licenſe, ſtand thy Friend,
If God will? —— and he will thy Kingdom rend.
Good David *muſt and ſhall thy Scepter ſway;*
Gladly will Iſrael *ſuch a Prince obey:*
More gladly ſlip thy Yoak from off their neck,
The Yoak thou ſhouldſt have put on Amalek;
But him, the Enemy of all that's good,
Glutted with Luſt, and ſurfeited with Blood,
With Blaſphemy ſwoln big, corrupt within
With ſpurious Seed of every deadly Sin,

With

With whom thou ſhouldſt have ſworn immortal hate,
As falſe to God, and dangerous to thy State;
That Kingdom thou eſtabliſheſt by Peace,
Doſt Amalek *for* David's *Life releaſe;*
A thouſand Shams, to put him by, contrive,
But maugre all, David *ſhall King ſurvive.*
Truſt in Suſpence, hope only in Deſpair,
Thy Kingdom's won before 'tis loſt: Prepare
To meet with Fate; for all thy Hoſts ſhall flie,
Thou and thy Sons to morrow be with me.

This ſaid, ſurprizing *Horror* ſwell'd his *Veins*,
And his ſick *mind anticipates* his *pains*;
Speechleſs and *cold*, he falls upon his *Face*,
In *Frenzy* would the fleeting *Air* embrace,
But *Samuel* he returns unto his place.

To Mrs. B. Wright,
On her Incomparable Poetry.

LOng ſince my thoughts did thus forboding tell,
The *Muſes* would our *Governours* expel,
To their own *Crown* raiſe up a *Female* Heir,
One of their *Sex* the *Diadem* ſhould wear:
The time's expir'd, my *Jealouſie* proves true,
We have a *Queen*, but thanks to Heaven 'tis you;
Before in all things elſe we did ſubmit,
Madam! in all things elſe, but only Wit:
With this *Prerogative* we could not part,
But in its *ſtead* each yielded up his *heart*.
Such was our vain *Self-love* and ſtubborn *Pride*,
What will not *bend*, muſt *break*; in vain we try'd
Our Title, nor muſt ev'n the *Inheritance* divide.
But now (as *Captives* to a *Conquerour*)
We muſt ſurrender all into your power:
With conſcious Bluſhes muſt your Praiſe exert,
Reflecting on our ſelves in your deſert.
Eve firſt ſought *Knowledge* from the fatal *Fruit*;
(Why ſhould we Vertue to falſe ends impute?)
Whilſt lazy *Adam* ſhrug'd, was very loth
To part with Darling *Ignorance* and *Sloth*:

Noble

Noble was her design, had it not been
Branded by Heaven as a *presumptuous* sin.
Your *Quest* of *Knowledge* can incur no shame,
Unless some *Masc'line Malice* taint your name.
So different as the Cause, are the Effects;
For as she ruin'd, you have rais'd your Sex:
She doom'd to Death, you gain Eternity,
For you must live until your Works can die.
Had they been like to *S.*'s Gouty Rhyme,
Or *Smithfield-Ballads*, in a little time
They'd have been thrown amongst bald musty *Songs*,
When the young *Ballad-Wench* had tir'd her Lungs.
But Nature, Judgment, Fancy, Art and Wit,
Shall sooner to one common Fate submit,
Than the rich *Structures* of your Brain shall fall,
Which are the very *Quintessence* of all.
Nor are you so desirous of the *Bays*,
As to detract from an inferiour Praise;
But giving us an everlasting Name,
You merit to your self a nobler Fame:
Whilst your own Glory you so much neglect,
And others with such skill and care protect,
More lasting *Trophies* to your self erect.
But oh! how high your *Fancy* takes its flight,
Whilst they admire at you gone out of sight!
So fled *Elijah* wrapt in *Fire* and *Wind*,
And left *Elisha* wondring here behind:

They

They like *Eliſha*, for a Bleſſing call;
You hear their Prayers, and let your Mantle fall.
With this they ſtrange unheard-of things can do,
Had they a *Fiery Coach*, they'd be *Elijah*'s too.
So did th' aſſociated *Nymphs* rejoyce,
Whom *Dian* had thought worthy of her choice;
So they thô fair in all the Gods eſteem,
Yet made her Beauty far more charming ſeem.
Let others ſlander, envy, or deſpiſe,
The *Cyprian Goddeſs* ſtill muſt have the *Prize*.
Daphne to Laurel turn'd, *a Female Brow*
Has the beſt title to a *Female Bough*.
Had *Fate* but plac'd you in the *Roman* State,
The *Salique Law* would have been out of date.
Alcides ſcorn'd to gain Divinity
By one great labour, but ſtill more would try,
And *Heaven*, & *Earth*, and *Hell* did valorouſly defy.
Farther oblige the World, *good Madam!* ſtill
With the rich products of your fruitful *Quill*.
Reſtore the *Muſes*, and true *Poetry*,
And ſhew what Charms do in juſt *meaſures* lie.
And when you find a time beſt to retreat,
Spin out into a curious *Web* of *Wit*.
Let me your *Muſe* a *Legacy* inherit,
With double *portion* of your ſacred *Spirit*.

A Fragment of Catullus.

Advice to Hemiera.

To Madam A------ R------.

1.

SEE how the naked widow'd *Vine*,
That in the empty *Vally* grows,
That wants the happineſs to twine
About a *Husband's* brooding *Boughs*:

2.

Is without *Virtue*, *Sap*, or *Juice*,
Nor can it raiſe its drooping head,
Or one ſmall bunch of *Grapes* produce,
Or gather ſtrength to *bud* and *ſpread*.

3.

Alas! it ne'er aſpiring ſhoots,
For all the help of *Wind* and *Weather*,
The talleſt *Sprigs* ev'n touch the *Roots*,
The Vine *tyed neck and heels together*.

4.

The churliſh *Shepherds* pluck it up,
Or without notice paſs it by;
Nor will the *Cattel* deign to *crop*,
Or *glance* that way one greedy *eye*.

5.

If *wedded* to an *Elm*, they ſtrive
Who can their favours moſt improve,
With emulation make it thrive,
All proud to ſignalize their Love.

6.

The bluſhing *Roſe*, if let alone,
With *ſhame* will fade upon the Tree:
A *Maidenhead* thus over-grown,
Will *ſuperannuated* be.

The PARADOX,

To Idera.

Teſichorus, and *Orion* blind, receiv'd their ſight,
One by *Apollo's Numbers*, th'other by his *Light*.

Orion

Orion basking in his burning *Rays*;
Steſichorus ſinging Hymns in *Helen*'s praiſe:
Had I not, *Idera*, on you *gaz'd*, nor of you *ſung*,
I had not loſt my *Eyes*, nor with thoſe *Eyes* my *Tongue*.

To Idera,
Dreaming ſhe was Angry.

1.

FAirer than all the *Grecian* Dames!
Idera! too too fair!
Theſe *Touchwood* Reliques of my *Flames*,
For Heaven's ſake forbear:
For thô your *Anger* at a *diſtance* burn,
My *Soul*, *Love's Tinder*, will to *nothing* turn.

2.

Why would you me from *Love* diſſwade?
Why would you *tye* my *Tongue*?
My *Infant Paſſion* thus upbraid?
Tell me, *I am too young*?
Oh! why in *Viſions* all my hopes deſtroy!
Have you forgot that *Cupid was a Boy*?

3.

If thus in *Dreams* you can *deſpiſe* !
If thus you can *beguile* !
Aſſume a *Viſard* for *diſguiſe* !
Do any thing but ſmile !
All the *effects* of * *Helen's Weed* will be,
Paſſions eſſential to a *Deity*.

4.

Ah ! *Duſeraſtes* is undone !
Unleſs your *goodneſs* ſpare ;
For thô the *heat* of your bright *Sun*
He can with *pleaſure* bear,
Yet if your *Lightning* ſtrike his dazled *Eyes*,
In *horrour* and *confuſion Duſeraſtes* dies.

* *The Weed* Heleneius *that grows in* Rhodes, *ſo call'd from* Helen, *that hang'd her ſelf upon an Oak near which it ſprung up. Whoever taſted of it, was provok'd to Anger, Striſe, Bawling, and other ill Qualities.* Ptolem. Hephæſt. l. 4.

Ovid's Amorum *Lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 9.
On the death of Tibullus.
To Mr. William Lloyd.

IF Heaven's Eye, the bright *Aurora*, ſhrouds
Her troubled Face under a Veil of Clouds,
And every Morning curſing her own Womb,
With fragrant Tears bedews her *Memnon*'s Tomb:
If *Thetis* does her watry Fountains drain,
And with ſalt roaring Billows fill the Main;
Black Waves, as Mourners, for her Son provide,
And every day lament him with a Tide:
If Deities themſelves ſubmit to Fate,
Needs muſt Mortality ſink with ſuch a weight.
Come, mournful Elegy, with diſhevel'd hair,
Sad as thy Stile, thy Face, and hopeleſs as Deſpair:
That as too true, thy Nature and thy Name,
So now thy Habit too may be the ſame.
Tibullus ſtampt with every beauteous Grace,
So faintly ſhadow'd in thy penſive Face,
Inſpir'd ev'n from the Womb with thy own ſtrain,
That Soul that ne're conceiv'd a thought in vain;
Thy Pride, thy Heir, thy Glory, and thy Fame,
Thy All is fewel for his fatal Flame.

Poor

Poor *Cupid* for his dear *Tibullus* mourns,
And carelesly his empty Quiver turns;
Puts out his Torch with streaming flouds of Tears,
And broken Arrows for a Trophy rears.
No more his *Hymen*, nor his *Io* sings,
But sighs and sobs, and flags his wanton Wings:
With his own Dart scratches and tears his breast,
With the same Epidemick Rage possest
As Lovers are in Frenzy or Despair,
And digs for his *Tibullus* seated there.
So for *Æneas* mourn'd the lovely Boy,
The Pride of future *Rome*, and Fame of *Troy*.
Nor could sweet Beauties Queen be troubled more
For her lov'd Youth, torn by a Savage Boar.
Lov'd Youth (said I) alas! compar'd with thee,
What would a thousand such *Adonis*'s be?
A Poet's thought ('tis true) to be the Heir
Of Immortality, Heaven's peculiar Care,
Large Souls, a Colony of the Heavenly Line,
With something amiable and divine;
Nought comes amiss to sacrilegious Death,
That stops the Impious and the devout Breath.
And no Protection can secure from Fate,
That loves to prey upon the Good and Great.
What signified it, *Orpheus* to be born
Of Gods, by Furies into pieces torn?

With Melody to charm the Beasts of Prey,
When men themselves prove greater Bruits than they?
On barren Mountains does the God of Wit,
Mourning in melancholick horror, sit
Sighing a broken Tune to his mute *Lyre*,
And wishes for his *Linus* to expire.
Homer, that Tree of Knowledge, *Greece*'s Pride,
(That *Pegasus* whom all the *Poets* ride)
In life hard Fate depriv'd him of the light,
And after shaded with eternal Night,
That unexhausted Spring, to whom we ow
All those small Streams of ours that scattering flow.
His glorious Works, and his adored Name,
Only survive as proof against the flame.
For *Homer*'s *Troy*, that *Phœnix* cannot die,
So may *Penelope*'s honest guile defie
The envious rage of Time, and reach Eternity.
And so shall *Nemesis* and *Delia* prove
As lasting in their Fame as in their Love:
Delia, that first his youthful Passion warm'd,
And *Nemesis* that last and longest charm'd.
In vain to lazy Gods we duly pray,
And to their Shrines our constant Homage pay.
In vain we deaf or helpless Stocks implore,
Or drowsie dreaming Deities adore,
That neither will have pity nor regard;
And righteous Souls can merit no Reward,

But turn like Bruits unto their native Duſt.
What reaſon then have we to run on truſt?
I'm tempted to believe no God, or Heaven's unjuſt.
Live well, and *die well*, there's an end of one;
And why ſhould I the fooliſh hazard run
Of being vertuous, when I may as well
In flouds of *Pleaſures* ſwim the way to *Hell*?
Death drags us from the Altar to the Grave,
Whilſt careleſs Heaven looks on and will not ſave.
Death makes no Sanctuary of any place,
To whom, when, where, ſhe comes, 'tis all a caſe:
The Laws of Fate, without exceptions, made
Irrevocable, needs muſt be obey'd.
Is *Pluto* blind? what then? the blind can hear:
And cannot Verſes charm the Tyrant's Ear?
If ſo, would our *Tibullus* thus have died?
Tibullus Beauty's Prince, the Poet's *Pride*?
See now, of that Great Man the ſmall Remains
A little narrow Urn in Duſt contains.

How durſt the flames (dear Friend) accoſt that breaſt
With ſuch an hallow'd Veſtal Fire poſſeſt?
What dare not they, that Vengeance can provoke,
And down with Gods and Temples at a ſtroke?
The Queen of Love with pity, and with dread,
At ſuch *Preſumption* turn'd away her head;
Nay ſome affirm, the Deity preſent there,
Could ſcarce from melting drops of Tears forbear.

Yet thanks to Heaven that thou diedſt at home,
Corcyra could not be ſo ſweet as *Rome*.
Thy Mother here clos'd thy departing Ey's,
And ſet that Sun that never more would riſe.
In the cold hands of unrelenting death,
Gather'd the fragrant Reliques of thy breath,
And paid her laſt Devotion to thy Urn:
With her thy Siſter did in Conſort mourn;
For thee ſhe did her lovely Treſſes tear,
For thee in flouds of tears ſhe waſh'd her ſcatter'd hair
And when too forward on thy way to Bliſs,
Delia and *Nemeſis* ſecur'd a Kiſs:
A Kiſs (ſaid I!) millions they laid in ſtore,
Since they were never like to ſee thee more;
Some of thy parting breath they did receive,
And for each Sob a thouſand Kiſſes give,
Kiſſes on which they might for ever live.
The Rivals both with emulous paſſion ſtay,
Until the Flames had raviſht thee away.
Thus *Delia* parting, for ſhe left him firſt,
(The Wounds of Boſom-friends are always worſt)
" 'Twas I that ſeaſon'd firſt thy untaught heart,
" And did the ſecret Rites of Love impart.
" Hadſt thou been true, *Albius*, thou hadſt not died;
" But thank thy own inconſtancy and pride,
" One and the ſame Divorce did me and life divide.

" Venge-

" Vengeance has found thee out in my defence,
" And took the part of injur'd Innocence.
" Ah! that thou hadſt but thy own intereſt known,
" And lov'd thy *Delia*, and lov'd her alone.
But *Nemeſis* with Tears, (reſolv'd to prove
She had beſt right and title to his Love)
Replies ——
——" To me Grief only does belong,
" And if you ſhed a Tear, you do me wrong.
" Long ſince your Tyranny you did reſign,
" *Tibullus* ſince was mine, and only mine.
" He graſp'd me in his Arms, and held me faſt,
" Nor would he let me go, whilſt breath would laſt.
" When Death's Convulſions Nature's Fabrick tore,
" His Organs loos'd, and he could ſpeak no more,
" In broken Accents this I heard him breath,
" *My Soul into thy arms, my* Nemeſis, *I bequeath.*
If there be ought of us ſurvives the Flames,
Ought of us but our ſhadows and our names,
T' *Elyſium* ſhall *Tibullus* be convey'd,
And there his Soul become the brighteſt Shade.
There ſhalt thou *Calvus* and *Catullus* find,
(About his Temples ſacred Ivy twin'd:)
There in thoſe Regions of Eternal Day,
If Fame belie him, (as I wiſh it may)
Shalt thou *Tibullus* with thy *Gallus* meet,
And your ſtrange ſhades your former loves repeat.

Gallus, inſpir'd with an ambitious Flame!
Gallus, too prodigal of Life and Fame!
But whilſt his Shade wanders amongſt the Juſt,
Thou Urn be careful of thy precious Truſt,
Nor let his ſacred Aſhes touch the common Duſt.
Lie light, thou Earth, indulgent to his reſt,
Whilſt his great Soul converſes with the Bleſt.

To Idera,

Having by ſome Miſchance ſo hurt her ſelf as to halt.

1.

* *Ceres* in queſt of *Proſerpine*,
Seeing th' reflexion of her Face,
Not as 'twas formerly divine,
Grief diſpoſſeſſing every Grace;

* Ceres *in her Travels over all the World, in queſt of her Daughter* Proſerpine, *that was ſtole away by* Pluto, *meeting with* Neptune, *who by his troubleſome company increaſed her grief, ſhe turn'd her ſelf into a Mare, and coming to* Styx, *a River in* Arcadia, *where ſhe ſaw her Face, ſhe dyed the Water of a black colour.* Ptolem. Hephæſt. *Lib.* 3.

2.

She *unconcern'd* at ſuch a *ſight*,
Yet made her *Glaſs* the *Stygian* Lake,
To *mourning* turn her *cryſtal* white,
And of her *Grief* the *Streams* partake.

3.

Bluſh not, ſweet *Nymph!* thô envious *Fate*,
Proud on your *Feet* to ſet a mark;
Let them that dare provoke your hate,
Not at your *Altar* light a *ſpark*.

4.

Vulcan was lame, althô a *God*:
(*Nor muſt the Truth be always ſaid*)
Let them not kiſs the Ground you trod,
Scrupulous Fools! but ſtrike them dead.

5.

Timorous *Fate*, like *Diomede*,
Struck *Venus* on the *lower parts*:
They that dare make the *Wound* to *bleed*,
Set hungry *Vultures* at their hearts.

6. Set

6.

Set them a *Mark* for your fair *Eye*,
And kill them, kill them with *Deſpair*,
They need not with worſe *Torments* die,
Than to ſee *Heaven*, but not come there.

7.

When *Nature*, with *Ambition* fir'd,
Some ſtrange and wondrous thing deſign'd,
And to *out-do her ſelf* aſpir'd,
She took *you* out of *Womankind*.

8.

All their *Perfections* knit in one,
Thy *Soul* preſented from *above*,
Jealous to ſee her ſelf out-done,
With her *own Works* ſhe *fell in love*.

9.

Cupid could ſcarce his *Mother* know,
Venus and *Idera* were ſo like;
But *Fate* with a deciding Blow,
The Mark on *Idera*'s *ſide* did ſtrike.

10.

Yet thanks to *Fate*, whose common *Brand*
Has set us both on *even ground*;
Yet thanks to *Fate*, whose *heavy hand*
Could forbear a *mortal Wound*.

11.

Achilles by an Arrow fell,
Struck through his *heel*, whilst you still live,
With *Scars* that can your Valour tell,
And yet a *thousand Deaths* can give.

12.

A *thousand* cas'd within my *Breast*,
Glance *Idera* a dissolving *Smile*,
If you would have them dispossest,
Or with the *Quiver* of my *Heart* recoil.

To Mr. Omnibon.

A Diſſwaſive from that Effeminate Paſſion of Love.

OFF (*Thyrſis!*) with this *melancholick* Fit,
Nor like a *Purgatory Freſh-man* ſit;
In love, my *Thyrſis*, and pretend'ſt to Wit!
What, reconcil'd! and canſt thou not forbear?
What, pardon thoſe that did to pieces tear
Thy Brother *Orpheus*? what, not Love forſwear?
Love, that damn'd *Leproſie*, infectious *Peſt*,
All *Africa*'s Monſters kennell'd in his breaſt.
Tell me not 'tis a ſin to break your *Vows*
Of *Lovers*, perjury *Jove* himſelf allows.
No—— he's an *Aſs* that *Womankind* adores:
Let *Bacchus* kiek the *Baſtard* out of doors.
Come then dip the blind *Rogue* in a full *Bowl*,
And let *Wine's Spirits* elevate your *Soul*.
For *Love* will vaniſh at his *Brother's* ſight,
So *Phœbus* dims the *Lamps* that rule the *Night*:
So *Antidotes* rank *Poyſon* can expel:
And ſo one *Witch* undoes *another's Spell*:
So *Muſick* helpeth when *Tarantula's* ſting;
And *Orpheus* can as well as *Sirens* ſing.

To

To Idera,

Writing her Name in Snow, which melting to Water, froze, and ſoon after thaw'd.

YOur *Name* on fallen *Snow* I ſeal'd;
The *melting drops* to *Ice* congeal'd:
In *Cryſtal Prints* the *Letters* ſhine,
And their *material white* refine.
Here daily, hourly as I paſs
By this heavenly *Looking-glaſs*,
I ſee the *picture* of my *Face*,
And the reflecting Name embrace.
But as by *Images* of *Wax*
The *Witch* a *real Body* racks;
So as my *Heart* within conſumes,
Ice Snow, *Snow* Water, reaſſumes.
My *Flames* do all your *Cold* withdraw,
Till we reſolve on better *Law*,
That you ſhall never *freeze*, to thaw.
For thus well *arm'd*, you can defie
A *thouſand Deaths* at once let flie,
Laugh to ſee *Duſeraſtes* die.
With your *Temptations, millions ſtrong*,
To do me right, you do me wrong.

Nay—

Nay — ev'n with *Chymical Experiments* entice:
Your very Name can make a Burning-glaſs of Ice.

A Propitiatory Sacrifice,

To the Ghoſt of J--M-- *by way of Paſtoral, in a Dialogue between* Thyrſis *and* Corydon.

To his dear Brother Mr. Aſh Wyndham.

THYRSIS.

GOod *morrow, Corydon!* but why ſo ſtrange?
What makes your *jolly Countenance* thus change?
What, have you loſt a *Kid?* or pine and mourn
For *Galatea*'s ſlights, or *Amaryllis*'s ſcorn?
Did melancholy Dreams diſturb your reſt?
Eaſe then on me the burthen of your breaſt,
A hearty Friend will not your Grief deſpiſe,
And *Thyrſis* will be proud to *ſympathize.*

CORYDON.

Ah, *Thyrſis!* ſee, after unpleaſant food,
The very *Cows* will chew no bitter *Cud*;
Can my repeated *Sorrows* do thee good?

And

And yet for thee my *Grief* will I controul,
For thee I'll offer Violence to my Soul:
Know then, nor need I give that Caution, *weep*,
Thy Eyes are neither drie, nor Heart asleep:
Know then, the rise of it is *Daphny*'s death;
And since the Fates have stopt my *Daphny*'s breath,
I have my *Pipes*, my *Flocks*, my *Loves* forswore,
And well I might, since he is now no more.

THYRSIS.

When the *Day*'s Lamp's shadow'd before the *Night*'s,
And spangled *Heaven* sets out her glittering *Lights*,
Sweet *Philomel* her little Throat does tune,
And charm with warbling Notes the listning *Moon*.
When the sharp watchful *Thorn* has gor'd her *breast*,
And bleeding *Philomel* can take no rest:
So may your *Muse* unfledg'd yet try her Wing,
And *Grief* and *Love* joyntly together sing.
So may we well pull up the *Sluces* of our *Eyes*,
For *Death* has stopt the *Springs* of *Paradise*;
Which in profuse *Meanders* curling ran,
Baptiz'd us *Poets*, and gave *life* to *Man*.
For *Death* has seiz'd our *Mint* of learned *Ore*,
And sweep'd away all our *Poetick store*.
So when an ancient *Oak* falls on the ground,
The *Woods* all tremble, and the *Rocks* resound;

Nor

Nor falls alone, but hovering in the *Air*,
A thouſand little *Fates* the *Branches* bear:
Arcadians mourn! *Daphnis* a publick loſs,
And well may all our *Tears* and *Grief* engroſs.
Sound then his *Obſequies*, *Daphnis* deceaſt!
Come ſing away the burthen of thy Breaſt,
For he deſerves thy *Song*, and well deſerves the *beſt*.
Or both *alternately* our parts will ſing,
You ſhall the *Laurel*, I the *Myrtle* bring.

CORYDON.

Ord'nary *Tears* ſufficient are to fall
Attendants of a common *Funeral*:
Daphnis deſerves for each a drop of *Blood*,
And for each ſingle *drop* a ſcarlet *Flood*.
As *Nightingales* ſing ſweeter than the *Thruſh*;
The *Cedar's* better than the *Bramble-buſh*;
Sweet *Marjoram* and *Muſk*, than ſtinking *Weeds*;
Daphnis our *Merit* and our *Praiſe* exceeds.
The *Elm* for *Daphnis* groans, will let the *Vine*
No more in his embraces fondly twine.
Bees leave their *Flowers*, which droop their ſickly head,
Have loſt their ſweet *repaſt* on which they fed,
Since he whoſe *breath* inſpir'd it all, is *dead*.
Our Flocks all keep a *Faſt* for *Daphnis* ſake:
Our *Iſle* the ſweet-tongu'd *Chanters* too forſake.

None

None but the inauſpicious *Ravens* croke,
The *Nymphs* and *Demy-Gods* their Pipes have broke,
And bid *adieu* to all their *Fairy Kings*.
The *Scriech Owl* howts, and the black *Swallow* ſings.
Nature her ſelf puts on her *Mourning-Weed*.
One Wound makes the whole *Univerſe* to bleed.

THYRSIS.

As *Day* without the proſpect of the *Sun*,
As *Night* without the conduct of the *Moon*,
Such, *Daphnis*, is the *World*, now *thou* art gone!
For *Daphnis*, too too well belov'd of Heaven,
Only to teach us *Self-denial* given,
Is *dead* alas! O *Paradox!* is *dead*,
Voracious *Grave!* and conſecrated *Head!*
What, could not *Daphnis* charm ambitious *Death*,
From gathering all the Reliques of his breath?
Could He not ev'n the Powers of *Hell* defy,
And by ſoft Airs bring them to Harmony?
Been ſomething more than *Mortal*? No--*Hard Fate*
Spares not the Rich, the Good, the Wiſe, the Great.
The proudeſt Duſt muſt bid in ſilence lie:
The proudeſt Duſt muſt in oblivion die.

CORYDON.

Thô *Fortune* acted oft the *Stepdame's* part,
Yet would not *Daphnis* curſe her in his heart:

Thô *Gall* infus'd into his *bitter Cup*,
Taught by *Philoſophy*, he drank it up.
Ah too too ſoon a ſhining *Cherub* made
Of that bleſt place thou hadſt ſo long ſurvey'd!
My Muſe muſt tell the Groves *Great Daphnis dead!*
Whilſt pining *Eccho* anſwers what is ſaid:
Eccho for him muſt die a *ſecond death*,
Us'd to *retort* his *words*, and *ſuck* his fragrant *breath*.

THYRSIS.

Trees full of Tears hide their heads, bowing down,
All *Rivals* once which ſhould be made his Crown:
All proudly conſcious of their welcome *Shade*,
Where *Judgment*, *Wit*, and *Innocence* were laid:
Nurſe of his *Thought*, and *Midwife* of his *Brain*,
That fruitful teeming *Womb* that knew no pain;
But brought the well-*digeſted Product* forth,
Pregnant with joy, and boaſting ſuch a Birth.
Nor muſt we here his forward *Youth* forget,
To pay whoſe *Portion Nature* ran in debt.
So ſoon the *Bard*, and ſo divine a ſhare
He well deſerv'd, who was her only *Heir*,
Her *Darling-Son*, and her peculiar *Care*.
He could teach Reverend *Sages* how to write,
And preſcribe Rules ev'n to the *God of Wit*.
(Like *Tages*) born a *Poet* from the *Womb*,
And ſung himſelf from 's *Cradle* to his *Tomb*.

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd with *Melody*, with his firſt *breath*,
Improving *Art* and *Learning*, till his *death*.
Still as his annual *Circles* rowl'd about,
They unknown *Worlds* of *Sciences* found out.
Here only Mother *Nature*, for his ſake,
Did her own *Laws* out of *Indulgence* break,
From *Youth* and *Age* one ſpiritual *Compound* make.
But when his *Age* and *Fruit* together ripe,
(Of which blind *Homer* only was the *Type*)
Tireſias like, he mounted up on high,
And ſcorn'd the *filth* of dull *Mortality*.
Convers'd with *Gods*, and grac'd their *Royal Line*,
All Ecſtaſie, all Rapture, all Divine.

CORYDON.

So the *Philoſopher* would needs be blind,
T' improve the nobler *Eye-ſight* of his *Mind*,
Not to mean earthly *Opticks* be confin'd.

THYRSIS.

No wonder, if th' ambitious *Laurel*'s dead,
Degraded to a *Mercenary* Head.
If *Birds* forget their *Notes*, and ſit alone,
With melancholy *Progne* in the Deſerts moan,
Since this our *Bird of Paradiſe* is flown.
Daphnis! the great *Reformer* of our *Iſle!*
Daphnis! the *Patron* of the *Roman Stile!*

Who firſt to *ſence* converted *Doggrel Rhimes*,
The *Muſes Bells* took off, and ſtopt their *Chimes*,
On ſurer *Wings*, with an immortal flight,
Taught us how to *believe*, and how to *write*.
And could we but have reach'd his wondrous height,
We'd chang'd the *conſtitution* of our *State*.
Where *Reaſon* muſt *enlightned Souls* confute,
To *common Earth* 'tis ſtill *forbidden Fruit*:
For all in *Torrents* his *Inventions* flow,
And drown the little *Vales* that lie below.
And yet ſo *ſweet*, *Malice* would ſilenc'd die;
So *perfect*, they could *Prejudice* defie.
Daphnis! whoſe *Modeſty* might juſtly boaſt,
His *Errours* leaſt, his *Excellencies* moſt.
Well might we *bluſh* at every ſacred *Line*,
To ſee a *Soul* ſo *Humble*, ſo *Divine*.
But *I offend*—— and whilſt I praiſe his *Stile*,
Do in *Apoſtate Rhimes* his Worth defile.
His *Guardian Angel* does begin to frown,
His *Spirit* looks with *indignation* down.

CORYDON.

Ev'n *Tombs* of *Stone* in time will wear away;
Braſs *Pyramids* are ſubject to decay;
But lo! the *Poet's Fame* ſhall brighter ſhine
In each ſucceeding *Age*,
Laughing at the baffled *Rage*
Of envious *Enemies*, and deſtructive *Time*.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

Reſt *Phœnix!* in thy *Paradiſe* above,
Thy Works enjoy a *Paradiſe* of *Love:*
Thô ſome with a rank *emulous Poyſon* ſwell,
Others *admire,* and *praiſe,* but none *excel.*
May our poor *Ruſtick Muſe* add *Cyphers* to thy *Fame.*
Thy *Works* are everlaſting *Monuments* to thy Name.

Oldham's *GHOST.*

A Dream.

To Mr. Ro. Townſhend.

ALL huſht and ſtill, *Night's* melancholy ſhade
The dusky *Arch* of *Heaven* had overſpread;
The very *Beaſts of Prey their Wandrings ceaſt;*
The little Birds their murm'ring Notes ſuppreſt:
No *Star* appear'd, no *Noiſe,* no *Wind* was heard,
And neither *Bough,* nor *Leaf,* nor *Bloſſom* ſtir'd.
When on the *ſweating* ground I ſilent lay
On *Flowery Beds* under a fragrant *Bay,*
Whôſe *ſweetneſs* ſuck'd my emulous *breath* away.
Now parting with my *Reaſon* and my *Sence,*
Slumbers as ſoft, as ſweet as *Innocence,*

Had ſeiz'd my *Eyes*, and the great *God of Reſt*
Had drawn his drowſie *Wand* along my Breaſt.
Methought I ſaw an *Angel* by me ſtand,
With *Laurels* on his head and *Myrtles* in his hand.
And all the way the *Meſſenger* of *God*
Had with his hallow'd Feet in Glory trod:
Sprung up *Elyſian Flowers* here and there,
Sweet as their *Climate*, as their *Parent* fair.
His heavenly *Locks* lay curl'd by *Nature's Arts*:
A Quiver for his Brother *Cupid's* Darts,
Sweating *Ambroſian* Dew: His *Eyes* too bright:
His *Roſes* were too red: his *Lillies* were too white.
His *Smiles* kind entertainment did beſpeak,
His *Smiles* ſpread in a pleaſant *Lip* and bluſhing *Cheek*:
Narciſſus ſmiles not half ſo ſweet as they,
Althô he *lov'd*, and *ſmil'd* himſelf *away*.
Preſumption yet they check'd, I know not how,
With a *Majeſtick Cenſure* on his Brow.
So ſweet a *Cherub* of the Heavenly *Quire!*
The *Gods* themſelves did their *own Works* admire.
Thus ſtood the winged *Mercury*, array'd
In Purple *Robes* of *State*—— [them play'd.
Which to his *Buskins* reach'd, kiſs'd them, and with
Thus ſtood the *Prophet*, preſſing me to take
A *Vizard*, and a *Book*, for *Oldham's* ſake.
By which I knew I had acceptance found;
And falling down, I kiſt the *Holy Ground*.

But

But he proceeded thus —— for I was dumb—
" Hail *Thyrſis!* little *Bud* of *Fame!* I come
" Fraught with an *Embaſſie*, ſent from above,
" An *Embaſſie* of *Favour*, *Grace*, and *Love*.
" Thy *Wiſh* is enter'd in the *Rolls* of *Fate*:
" Thy *Prayers* are heard, nor *fear* thou ſhalt be *great*.
" Thy *Parts* the only *Talent* Heaven will give,
" (On ſuch a *Portion Prodigals* might live.)
" Thô *Honour* is not in the leaſt thy aim,
" Yet *Wits* a *hunting*, often light on *Fame*.
" *Friends* thou ſhalt have, but *few*, *faithful*, and *free*,
" As thou *deſir'ſt*, *deſerv'ſt*, *if that can be*.
" Wedded to a young *Widow Colledge-life*,
" Thy *Books* thy *Children*, and thy *Muſe* thy *Wife*.
" And ſince thou doſt only invoke my *Muſe*,
" Me and my Works for thy ſole *Pattern* chuſe:
" By my own ſelf I ſwear, thou ſhalt *inherit*
" A *double Portion* of *Apollo's Spirit*.
" Nor my *adopted Son!* when thus retir'd,
" (The Bleſſing which thou haſt ſo long deſir'd)
" Shalt thou not find a heart to *laſh the Crimes*,
" The bold notorious *Strumpets of the Times*.
" Nor ſhalt thou want a *Teleſcope* from far:
" Deep *Caves* alone by day *deſcry* a *Star*.
" Secure from danger on the ſilent *ſhore*,
" The horrour of a *Storm* others ſee more,

" Than they, that without hope and help complain,
" And loſe their ſenſe in the *Abyſs* of pain:
" By ſad experience their own miſery find;
" Can't utter the confuſion of their mind;
" But ſwallow'd up, plunge deeper in Deſpair;
" Carry'd they know not how, they know not where.
" My *Works* ſhall both thy *Mint* and *Optick* be;
" Here at one *proſpect* thou ſhalt all things ſee:
" All things *Sarcaſtical*, that juſtly fall
" Under that *common head*, compendious All.
" My *Works* ſhall be thy *Forge* to form thy *Skill:*
" The *World* finds *Matter*, and thy *ſelf* a *Will.*
" Improve thy *Worth*, *Worth is it ſelf a Name:*
" *Trace but my Stile, and you ſecure my Fame.*
" *Satyr's a plain, Satyr's a pleaſant Road,*
" *Provided that the way be not too broad.*
" *But in a full career 'tis hard to miſs*
" *Running upon a dangerous Precipice.*
" *Be neither trivial, nor take too much pains;*
" *Let Malice never guide your furious Reins.*
" *When grave, be not elaborate, nor write*
" *For ſolid, intricate: for eaſie, ſlight:*
" *Theſe and the reſt for your inſtruction learn,*
" *And between good and evil to diſcern.*
This ſaid, rapt in an *Ecſtaſie* of *Love*,
Fed with vain hopes, I would my *Viſion* prove.

Of

Of blind *Deluſions* in falſe *Dreams* afraid,
Strove to *embrace* the *Evangelick Shade.*
When lo! he *vaniſh'd* from my dazled Eyes,
And thus my *filial Love*, and thus my *Duty* did deſpiſe.
Fanning his *ſilver Wings*, he cut the Sky,
Which gathering in thick *fleecy throngs*, did fly
To ſee the great *Embaſſadour of Heaven* paſs by.
And where the Clouds parted to give him way,
My Cries did poſt along as faſt as they.
My *Father! Father!* kept the Chariots track,
Hung on the *Wheels*, and would have brought him back,
But left ſo far behind, I ſtart and wake.

On
The Death of the late Duke of Ormond.

Ipſe tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, & cœli juſtâ plus parte reliquit.
Vir. Geor. 1.

To Mr. William Butler.

UNder a fatal *Yew*, as I was laid,
Pleas'd with the diſmal melancholick *Shade*,
Democri-

Democritus in a black *Veil* appears,
Democritus his *Ghoſt* in *flouds* of *Tears*.
Horrour my Senſes in *confuſion* ſeal'd,
The *icy current* of my *Bloud* congeal'd.
Each *Joynt* and *Sinew* loos'd: my ſwelling *Veins*
Were *cold* and *ſtiff*, bound on the *Rack* of *Pains*.
Smother'd in *ſilence* thus I panting lay,
And heard the hollow *Spectre* ſighing ſay,
He's gone—the *Pillar* of the *Church* and *State*
With honour ſinks under the mighty weight;
The *Britiſh Atlas* falls a *Sacrifice* to inſulting *Fate*.
Who would not ev'n the Laws of *Nature* break?
And be a * *Polyzælus* for his ſake?
Democritus, the lighteſt *Mould* of *Earth*,
Whoſe *Life* was one continu'd *Scene* of *Mirth*,
A *Deluge* of religious *Tears* muſt ſhed,
To waſh the *Hero*; for a *Hero's dead*.
Fame! thou chief *Attribute* of his great *Soul!*
Proclaim the doleful *News* from *Pole to Pole*:
Employ thy *hundred Tongues*, that all may come,
And pay their laſt *Devotion* to his *Tomb*.
Here at this † *Agelaſtes* ſigh and groan,
Till *Niobe's* fate more juſtly be their own.

* Polyzælus *a* Cyrenian, *who never laughed.* v. Ptolemæus Hephæſt. *Lib.* 3.

† Agelaſtos, *a Stone ſo called from* Ceres *her ſorrow for the loſs of her Daughter, not far from the Well* Callichorus. v. Apollod. *Lib.* 1. *Cap.* 5. § 1.

Let

Let *Nature* her unhappy loſs bewail,
And hide her head under a *Widow's Veil:*
Or like *Evadne*, with her *Huſband* burn,
As he to *Aſhes*, ſhe to *Chaos* turn.
The *Sun* and *Moon eclips'd!*—where am I now?
Stars claſhing fall!—the ſinking *Heavens* bow!
The *Sun* and *Moon* would *Ormond* both embrace!
The *Sun* and *Moon* would both reſign their place:
The *Conſtellations* all together croud,
And hide themſelves behind a *baſhful Cloud!*
The *Signs contracted*, ſhrink to make him room!
Concern'd where *Ormond* will vouchſafe to come!
Each for the honour of his preſence vy!
Yet bluſh *Ormond* ſhould have no *Rival* in the Sky!
Hah! what ſtrange *Light* is this that ſtrikes my Eyes,
And from thoſe *Miſts of Darkneſs* ſeems to riſe!
——What blazing *Comet*'s that I ſee
Newly inſtall'd chief in the *Galaxy!*
Perſeus and *Caſſiopeia* round him twine,
To blind his *Luſtre*, both their Forces joyn;
But he does all the *heavenly Hoſt* out-ſhine!
'Tis *Ormond*, by that *Spotleſs Robe* of *white!*
Nor could another *Sign* be half ſo *bright!*
'Tis He—— inſert him in your *Kalendar*,
A worthy *Saint*, and an auſpicious *Star.*

Thou

Thou *World*, *alternately* rejoyce and mourn,
But rather drop more *Tears* into his *Urn* :
Whilst I to *my own self* and to *my place* return.

To Mr. R. Nichols.

On the Little Man that was shew'd for a Sight all over England.

In imitation of a Greek Epigram out of Lucilius.

A Grave *Philosopher* of old, that taught
The *World* at first was out of *Atoms* brought,
Had *Fate* projected in his time, thy Birth ;
When *Epicurus* thus conceiv'd the Earth ;
He would have made the *Universe* of *thee:*
As much less than diminutive *Atoms* be.
Or this at least he would for granted take,
Heaven did out of *thee* those *Atoms* make.
Man, the *World's Microcosm*, all allow :
The *Microcosm* of an *Atom* Thou !

Solomon's

Solomon's *Song*, cap. 1. ver. 2.

Let him kiſs me with the kiſſes of his mouth.

To Mrs. Mary Nichols.

WHat *Angel's* voice thus *ecchoes* thrô the *Sky*,
Thus *rowls along*, and *breaks* in *Harmony*?
Rejoyce, rejoyce, for thy Redemption's nigh.
Ah! what ſoft welcome *Airs* ſalute my Ears!
Airs! that enchant the *Stars*, and charm the *Spheres!*
The *Clouds* all melt away! ſucceeding *Light*
And glorious *Pomp* dazle my fixed ſight!
The *Elements* give back, and bow the knee,
Whilſt *Seraphs* dance unto the Melody;
But *I* alone ſtand weeping by the *Tree*:
Not yet the *Tree* of *Life*, a melancholy *Croß*;
There ſeek for *Remedy*, and bewail my loſs.
For in my *Saviour's* abſence, that long while,
Nothing could force, no not a feigned *ſmile*;
Nor make me *blot* the *Copy* he had *ſet*,
Whoſe *Eyes* were *never wanton*, often *wet*;
Whoſe *Sufferings Agonies*, drops of *Bloud* his *Sweat*.
But now *He's come!* the *Herald* did proclaim,
And bow'd with Reverence at his *Sacred Name*.
My raviſh'd *Soul* fell down before his Throne,
And now I knew it was the *Holy One*.

'Twas

'Twas my *Beloved* I had ſought ſo long,
Whom I had found, had I not ſought him wrong.
And art thou come?—And is it thou, bleſt *Dove*?—
Can I believe my Eyes, or truſt my Love?
Pardon, *dear Jeſu!* ſuch a jealous *Faith*;
Thô *weak* my *Truſt*, my *Love's* as *ſtrong* as *Death*.
Pardon me too, for ſince I ſaw thee laſt,
The *Floods* have laid my fruitful *Garden* waſt.
Alas! what pleaſure could a *Widow* take,
Who only lov'd that *Garden* for thy ſake!
What's all the reſt, when *Sharon's Roſe* is gone?
The *Roſe* that's *all* my *Garden's Sweets* in *one*?
Let me but hugg that *Roſe* within my Breaſt,
And then, *my Love!* let who's will take the reſt.
No—— that has lain all open to the *South*,
And I have only kiſs'd thy *hands and feet*;
Now *kiſs me with the kiſſes of thy mouth*,
The *kiſſes of thy mouth, for they are ſweet!*
My *Spouſe*, let me ſuck up thy fragrant breath,
For ah! my *Love's* as ſtrong as *Wine* or *Death*.
For a *Kiſs* for our laſt *parting* I muſt ſue;
And one at *meeting* juſtly is my due.
Pay all thy *Debts* for *abſence*, theſe and more,
With *uſury* pay off that *divine Score*.
Do not my *Paſſion*, O *my Spouſe!* diſdain,
Nor let my *Sighs* and *Tears* be all in vain:

But give me *Balmy Kiſſes* in *exchange*,
Nor let unhappy *Abſence* make thee ſtrange.
Come—let us ſtrive which firſt their *Lips* can joyn,
Which can the cloſeſt to their *Rivals* twine;
Until our ſtrugling *Spirits* both releaſe,
Till theſe our *Seconds* make a perfect peace.
Victorious *Captives* both with joy return,
Both with new *Love* and *Emulation* burn.
As for my *Soul*, thou ſhalt new life inſpire,
In gratitude with zeal I'll *blow* the *Fire*.
Come then—*dear Jeſu!* come—and no more part,
But take the *full poſſeſſion* of my *Heart*.

To Idera,

The Apology for Silence.

1.

LOng has the *Store-houſe* of my *heart*
Been laying *Fewel* in;
Here and there *Cupid*'s left a Dart,
The fire for *Matches* to begin.

2. But

2.

But my *Combuſtibles*, as yet
Have not their *Caverns* broke:
And whilſt they can no *paſſage* get,
Send only *Vollies* out of *Smoke*.

3.

Yet by theſe *Sparks* you might have gueſt
What *Balls* of *Flames* do rowl
Within the *Furnace* of my *Breaſt*,
And ev'n conſume my melting *Soul*.

4.

Veſuvius hollow *Entrails* glow,
Red-hot with *hidden Fire*;
And yet they nothing upwards throw,
But keep their *ſtock of Flames entire*.

5.

Their *ſtock of Flames* which *once* a year
They pour upon the fruitful *Plain*;
Their *Forge* of loads of *Aſhes* clear,
And to their *Smithy work* again.

6. Thô

6.

Thô *Preludes* yet I only ſhew,
Nor tell you *all* my *mind*,
Idera! truſt me to be true,
And think, my Fair One! *th' more's behind.*

The Dumb Diſcovery.

To Idera.

THô *Cupid* flames from *Vulcan* ſtole,
And made a *Bonfire* of my *Soul*;
Reſolv'd from *Ætna* to remove,
There to ſet up his Forge for Love:
With this perſwaſion prepoſſeſt,
That *Flames pent* in a *narrow* Breaſt,
Would diſpatch ſooner poyſon'd *Darts*,
None ſo hot as Lovers hearts:
Yet thought I none this *Shop* can know,
Hid, like *Ætna*, under *Snow*.
None ſuſpect, an *outward Styx*
With *Phlegeton under ground* ſhould mix:
But my *Aſhes* all betray,
And to my *Work-houſe* ſhew the way.

Thus the *Philoſopher*, who fraught
With an *ambitious* fury, thought
To be inſtall'd a *God*, by night
Took *downwards* an immortal *flight*:
By his *deſcenſion* would *aſpire*
Through the *burning Mount*, in *fire*:
Ætna, to undeceive the World,
His *Iron Slippers* upwards hurl'd.
He, greedy to *advance* his *Name*,
Beguil'd at once of *Life* and *Fame*.

In praiſe of Wine mixt with Water.

A Greek EPIGRAM, *Out of* Meleager.

To Mr. Francis Nichols.

THE *Nymphs*, when *Bacchus*, like an *Embryo*, [came
Out of his *Mother's Aſhes*, on a *flame*,
Dipt the young *Deity* in a *cool ſtream*,
To quench the *fire*, and take away the *ſteam*.
The *Nymphs* and *Bacchus* ever ſince agree,
Without the *Nymphs*, *Thunder* and *Lightning* He!

This

Thus *Water* moderates the *rage* of *Wine*,
And *Fire* it ſelf proves *cool* and *anodyne*.
Wine all the *Waters crudities* conſumes;
Water feeds on *her* hot and heady *fumes*:
To one another *both* a *flavour* give,
And make a *Cordial* of a *Corroſive*.

Parting with Mr. Tho. Bebington.

DOwn by a *River's ſide* together ſat
Thyrſis and *Hylas*, (ſuch was once the *State*
Of our *Firſt Parents*, in a *friendly Strife*,
Thus *Innocence* might learn to ſquare her life)
Where ſinging *Waters* lull'd themſelves aſleep:
And clouded *Heaven* did *ſympathizing* weep.
When penſive *Thyrſis* thus did ſilence break,
And all in *Tears* to his lov'd *Hylas* ſpeak.

THYRSIS.

And canſt thou, *Hylas*, thou, be ſo unkind
Thus to leave *me* and *Life* behind?
And canſt thou *think* of me without *regret*?
On *Love's account* for *millions* run in *debt*?

HYLAS.

No *Thyrſis!* *Hylas* can't *unconſtant* prove,
Nor have I yet been wavering in my Love;
But emulous *Fate* ſummons us both to part:
Haſt thou not a ſufficient *Pledge*, my *Heart*?

THYRSIS.

Yet *out of ſight* I ſhall be *out of mind*:
Ah! *Hylas*, ſhould you prove unkind,
Officious *Fate* would need no other *Knife*
To cut in two my *ravell'd Thread* of *Life*.

HYLAS.

Nature her ſelf ſhall firſt *unhinged* be;
The whole *Creation* loſe its *Symmetry*:
Iron th' attractive *Loadſtone* ſhall forſake,
When I the ſacred *League* of *Friendſhip* break.

THYRSIS.

Into a confus'd *Chaos* ſhall be hurl'd
The ſhatter'd *Atoms* of the *World*:
The *Needle* too the *Northern point* ſhall ſhun:
And with my *Promiſe Rivers* backwards run.

HYLAS.

To *Hylas* then be ſure you never fail
Kiſſes to ſend by every gentle *Gale*.

Let

Let *Hylas* be your *talk*, *Hylas* your *Dreams*:
Tranſport me *Sighs* over the *Belgick* Streams.

THYRSIS.

To *Thyrſis*, without intermiſſion, pay
Your *bounden Duty* night and day;
And nothing leſs to *Thyrſis*, than to *Heaven*,
For *Life* and *Love* by *both alike* are given.
Pray to the *Gods*; but I can hardly ſay
Whether to them you firſt preſume to pray:
No— your *firſt* and *laſt* thoughts muſt be my due.
Come, *Hylas!* then once more renew
Your everlaſting *Vow*, before your long *Adieu*.

HYLAS.

I *ſwear* by all the *Thunderbolts* of *Jove*;
By thoſe revengeful *Darts* of *injur'd Love*:
By *Life* and *Death*, and all the *Powers above*;
To comprehend them all, I *ſwear* by *You*,
That I for ever will be *juſt* and *true*.

THYRSIS.

May all the Plagues that *Vengeance* has in ſtore
For *Infidelity*, theſe and more,
With *Aggravations*, light on *perjur'd Me*,
If I be guilty of *Unconſtancy*.

Or if an *Action* be againſt me brought,
Of one *ſuſpicious* Deed, or *doubtful* thought.

This ſaid, raviſh'd into an *Ecſtaſie*,
They would in their perfection die;
And ſtrugling hardly to themſelves can come,
Like *Prophets* with their *Inſpiration* dumb.
Cupid the heavenly *Mediator* came,
And with two *Arrows* dipt in *Honours Flame*,
Their *golden points* piercing through *both* their *hearts*,
For *tryal* of their *Faith* and Vertue, parts.
Hylas the *Seas* to *Holland* troubled bore,
And left deſerted *Thyrſis* ſighing on the *ſhore*.

A Greek EPIGRAM.

To Idera.

SHot by th' *Artillery* of your fair *Eye*,
So great my pains, I would, but cannot die:
Sicilian Tyrants never yet could Death deny!
Tears from my feſter'd *Wound*, like *Matter*, flow,
And ſtill the *Fire* you will not *quench*, but *blow*.

What

What ſhall I do? I've ranſack'd *Nature's* ſtore,
She has no *Plantain* for a *Lover's* Sore:
* *Leucas* the only *Remedy* is no more.
Ah! *Madam*, you, and only you can ſave,
Your *Beauty* that muſt heal the *Wound* it gave.
I'm *Telephus*, you have *Achilles* Arms, [*Charms.*
You have, and know you have all their inherent
However, let me not like † *Chiron* lie
Curſing my ſelf, and you, and *Immortalitie!*

——Qualis conjectâ cerva ſagittâ,
Quam procul incautam nemora inter Creſia fixit
Paſtor agens telis, liquitq; volatile ferrum
Neſcius: illa fugâ ſilvas ſaltuſq; peragrat
Dictæos: hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

Vir. Æneid. 4.

* Leucas, *a Rock ſo called from* Leucus *one of the Companions of* Ulyſſes, *who was ſlain by* Antiphus, *as* Homer *tells the Story. Whoſoever leap'd down from the top of this Rock, was freed from the ſlavery and tyranny of Love, as* Jupiter, Venus, Artemiſia, Hippomedon, *and ſeveral others experienc'd. See the reaſon of this wonderful Virtue, that was ſo peculiar to this Rock, given by* Ptolemæus Hephæſtion. *Lib.* 7.

† Hercules *upon ſome quarrel with the* Centaurs *for broaching a new Hogſhead of their Wine for his own drinking, as he ſhot at* Elatus *one of their company, the Arrow ſtruck through his arm into his Friend* Chiron's *knee; who by reaſon of his immortality, was forc'd to endure a great deal of miſery; but at laſt was releas'd, being permitted to change life for death with* Prometheus. *v.* Apollodor. *Lib.* 2. *Cap.* 4. §4.

On John Pig, *who was very famous for his great* NOSE.

To Mr. R. Nichols.

TO ſay, *the Noſe of Pig!* that cannot be;
There's *no compariſon*, 'tis all *Hyperbole!*
But he that would the *naked Truth expoſe*,
Muſt for *diſtinction* ſay, *Pig of the Noſe!*

Part of the 14th *Satyr of* Juvenal, *Againſt Covetouſneſs: With a long Preface taken out of the ſame Satyr.*

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia? quando
Major Avaritiæ patuit ſinus? Juv. Sat.

To Mr. Will. Percival.

TOO many things *(Cenſorius!)* there be
That do entail an endleſs *Infamy*,
That brand a man with a *deſerved ſhame*,
And ſpoil the *luſtre* of an *honeſt Name*,
Which *Parents* to their *Children* do tranſmit,
And ground them in before their *Alphabet*.

'Tis

'Tis no ſuch wonder now-a-days to ſee
How *liquoriſh* a little *Boy* will be,
Still craving *change* of *Dainties* to invite
A *ſqueamiſh Stomach* to an *Appetite*,
Diſdaining *hearty* Fare, and *wholſome* Meat,
Conſulting with *Apicius* what to eat;
When the old toothleſs *Grandſire* with his *Gums*
Mumps *Muſhrooms*, *Marmalade*, and *Sugar-plums*;
Sucks from *Herculean* Bowls the *choiceſt* Wines,
And does whatever *Luxury* enjoyns:
Go, cries that Luſt, he *runs*: *Come*, and he'll *fly*:
What *Belly-God* his *Palate* can deny?
No wonder if the Son preciſely tread
In the ſame path where his good Father led.
If he's for this and t'other *coſtly Bit*,
Can down with nothing but what's *delicate*;
And by *Tradition* keeps to the *old Wiſh*,
A Princely Kitchin, and a Dainty Diſh.

Thus *Nature* binds us by too hard a *Law*;
Domeſtick patterns eaſily *withdraw*;
Led by the *Ignis Fatuus* of their Vice,
We make no queſtion but they *muſt* be *wiſe*,
And we fall on, refuſing to be *nice*:
Loth to be made *Subjects* for *Ridicule*,
Single *exceptions* from a *Common Rule.*

But

But moſt when *great Authorities* enforce,
We hurry on, and follow the *ſame courſe*,
And ſtrive, if poſſible, to be *much worſe*.
Some few there be more vertuouſly inclin'd,
Whom *Titan* made of *Clay* the *beſt refin'd*,
Whom *Titan* has inſpir'd with a more *generous mind*:
Who ſcorn by evil *Precepts* to be ſway'd,
And by *authentick wickedneſs* betray'd,
Whilſt others keep the *track* their *Anceſtors* have made.
The *generality* go the *common Road*,
In which their *bigotted Forefathers* trod,
Conſidering not the *way's too eaſie and too broad*.
Abſtain from *Vice*, if nothing elſe can move,
Thô other *Reaſons* inſufficient prove,
Let this prevail, *a Father's Duty, and a Father's Love*.
Leſt your *Poſterity* imitating you,
Quote your *Authority* for what they do;
Your vile *Example* ſhould infect the Times,
And you muſt bear your *own* and *others* Crimes.
There is a natural *Veneration* due
Not only *from* your Son, but *for* him too.
If an *ill thought* but comes into your head,
His *preſence* ought to ſtrike *that Rebel* dead,
And ev'n the *Cradle-Infant* ſtifle the *miſdeed*:

Like

Like *Hercules* that in his *Swadling-bands*,
Two Serpents cruſh'd between his Infant-hands.
Contemn not *Children* that are *young* and *green*,
They're old enough to *imitate your ſin*.
Beſides with what *Authority*, what *face*
Can you reprove a *Child* for *want* of *Grace*?
And never think *your ſelf* how *many grains*
Muſt be allow'd for your own *ſhallow Brains*?
'Tis a *conſiderable* thing thou'ſt done,
In getting of a *true* and *lawful* Son,
And adding to thy *People's* number *one*:
But that's not all; fit him for *Peace* or *War*,
The *Clergys* Pulpit, or the *Lawyers* Bar,
The *Tradeſman's* Shop, or honeſt *Ploughman's* Share.
Capacitate him for ſome good *Vocation*,
The *Service* of his *God*, his *King* and *Nation*:
Elſe to what *purpoſe* is this *Propagation*?
The *Vultures* leave their *Storehouſe* in the Fields,
And bring their *young ones* what that *Store-houſe* yields.
Theſe, as they *older* grow, hunt the *ſame* Prey
From their *Dams* mouths they *gobled* t'other day.
Breed up your *Children well*, on *that* depends
Their future State; their *good* or their *bad* ends.
To other *Vices Youth* it ſelf is *prone*,
Sordidneſs, that *unnatural* ſin, alone
Muſt be *inculcated*, nor *dares* appear
Without the *Maſk* of *provident* and *ſevere*.

By

By these *insinuations ground* he *gains*,
Then *wins* the *Field*, and as a *Tyrant* reigns.
Nor is it strange the covetous *Gripe* should be
Prais'd for the *vertue* of *Frugality*,
That all *respect* to his *bald pate* be pay'd,
A long experienc'd *Artist* in his *Trade*!
Whose *Furnace* melts down the rich *Ore* of *grounds*!
Whose *Hammer* beats out *Pennies* into *Pounds*!
Rare Alchymist! makes *Money* out of *Mould*!
Rare Midas! at a *touch* turns *all* to *Gold*!
Now he that do's this *pinching Art* profess,
Will only *Brother Miser's* practice bless,
And to his *silver God* ascribe true happiness.
Him will he teach his *Children* to adore,
Tell them there is no *Hell* but to be *poor*.
That *Heaven's Treasure* lies in swelling *Bags*,
The *Mark* of all *Believers* holy *Rags*.
(*Vice* has her *Horn-book* and *successive Schools*,
And *steps* by *method Rudiments* and *Rules*.
The *quickest Wits* can't *all at once* be taught;
'Twas by degrees that *Mithridates* brought
Poyson to be *no Poyson*, but a *cordial Draught*.)
Here then he enters *Children* that are young,
Infants who have not yet well loos'd their *lisping* tongue.
To *little sordid* things first *works* their *Brain*,
Then to *insatiable* desires of *gain*.

No

No *Maſters* but muſt *Graduates* firſt be,
Vice will not truſt a *Novice* with the *Key*
That picks the *Lock* of her *Philoſophy*.
See how the *Wretch* feeds on a *buried Cheſt*,
With *Famine* ſtarv'd, of golden *Dreams* poſſeſt!
See how he will his *Servants* of their *Wages* cheat!
And grutches every *fragment* that they eat!
Each *fragment* of dry *cruſt*, thô *mouldy* Bread,
What! Servants *pamper'd*? upon *Sallads* fed?
See how he locks up *Cabbage*, *Sprouts*, and *Leeks*!
A *parted Onion*, *counting* all the *ſtreaks*!
See how *wild rotten Olives* he'll devour!
And quaff off *dregs*, *Vinegar* not ſo ſour!
On his own *Birth-day*, through a ſmall *Crow's* quill,
Foul ſtinking Oyl upon his *Herbs* diſtil:
In raging *Dog-Stars putrefying* heat
Bring out a *Meſs* of yeſterdays *minc'd Meat*.
On *Beds* of *Straw* free choice of *pennance* lie,
The *Swines Alcove* is richer in the *Stie*.
Frugality! of a *Sprat* a Dinner makes;
For *change* of *Raiment* in the *Dung-hill* rakes.
Hang ſneaking! for a *Feaſt* in his *beſt Cloaths*,
He to the *Beggar-boys* a *mumping* goes.
In *Winter* runs to *Bed* before the *Sun*,
With *Turfs* and *Ruſh-lights* he ſhall be undone.
But to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard up *Pelf*,
To ruin *Prodigals*, and *cheat* thy *ſelf*?

Why

Why like the *Bee* thy time for *nothing* waſt?
Nor of the *fruits* of all thy *labours* taſt?
Honey for others *luxury* prepare?
A *Beggar* to the *World*, *rich* only to thy *Heir*.
Why be a *Pimp* to *proſtitute* thy *ſtore*?
Like *Damocles* hungry, like a* *Cynick* poor.
Thy *Soul* is in a *Dropſie*, and her *thirſt*
Will then be ſatisfy'd when ſhe can *burſt*;
Elſe pour down *millions*, ſtill thou art not well,
But thy *inordinate deſires* with *Riches* ſwell,
Thy *Sieve* ſtill gapes, and yet can nothing hold:
Craſſus his *Cure* was a ſweet *Drench* of *melted Gold*.
He that has leaſt of Wealth, deſires it leaſt:
Content is happineſs: Enough's a Feaſt.
When two *Farms* will not do, a third you'll buy,
And ceaſe to purchaſe with *Eternity*.
You cannot ſee a Neighbours *Vineyard* yield
A plenteous *Vintage*, or a fruitful *Field*
A better *crop* of *Corn*, but you muſt *long*,
All my own, cries *Extortion*, *right* or *wrong*.
Such things are branded with notorious ſhame,
Loud ſounds the Trumpet of an evil Fame.
Words are but wind, *Riches* to me are more,
Than to be call'd *an honeſt man*, *but poor*.

* *According to the old Proverb*, Cynicè vivere, (*i. e.*) canino more vivere, *non ob impudentiam tantum ſed & ob ſordes. Cynicè* κυνικῶς. Torrentius.

Yes, —

Yes, — *Wealth* includes *Proſperity* and *Eaſe*,
Security from *pains*, *peace*, *plenty*, what you pleaſe!
'Tis ſtrange to think how times degenerate!
That which was formerly a *good Eſtate*,
Goes for a trifle: *Avarice* ſo abounds,
The *Prodigal's* ſo profuſe, ſo rich the *Miſer's* grounds.
Avarice, that ſwoln *Python!* that *Big-bellied Devil!*
Who bore, and bred the *Hydra* of *all evil.*
That firſt the uſe of *Steel* and *Poyſon* taught,
And bare-fac'd *Murther* into *faſhion* brought:
For he that is ſo *eager* to be *rich*,
The more he *rubs*, the more he *frets* his *Itch.*
Pygmalion thus, of *Homicides* not the leaſt,
For *Money* ſlew a *Brother* and a *Prieſt.*
Live with your little hills and huts content,
'Tis better in your Bodies to be pent,
Than in your minds. Thus good *Fabricius* ſaid,
And *Curius* upon *Rapes* from *Earthen Veſſels* fed.
Theſe *Precepts* did thoſe reverend *Sages* give,
And by their *practice* taught us how to live.
He that the Yoke of *Poverty* can *bear*,
Nor under *want* ſinks deeper in *deſpair:*
Need not into the *mouth* of *danger* run,
Kill or be *kill'd*, at once *made* or *undone.*
This would the *Ancients* on their *Children* preſs;
In Vertue only lies true happineſs.

Now

Now the old covetous *Gripe* like *Stentor* bauls,
His *Clerk* at *Midnight* to his *buſineſs* calls.
When the poor *ſhivering Youngſter* ſcarce can hold
His Pen, for the *extremity* of *cold.*
Riſe! riſe! you Sluggard, riſe! Fitzherbert *look,*
Or carefully peruſe the Statute-book.
Copy out this Indenture, make a Deed,
And give me an account of what you read.
Quibbles have neither *profit,* nor *delight,*
Sophiſtry nothing *tempting* to *invite:*
Then give your mind to any other thing;
Preſent a Panegyrick to the King:
Even to thee his bounty may extend,
A Mandate for a Fellowſhip to lend.
For a Lieutenant's or a Captain's place,
Shew your broad Porter's ſhoulders to his Grace.
Nine-pin Legs, Hairy Noſtrils, brawny Fiſt,
Be ſure your Name'll be enter'd in the Liſt.
But if you tremble when you hear a Gun,
And an Alarum rather makes you run,
Turn Chimny-ſweeper, Broker, never care
What Envy may object, but deal in any Ware;
For Gain ſmells ſweet, come it from what it will,
None will ſay, Gain has an offenſive ſmell.
He hugs his Gold that in the Kennel rakes,
Come it from Common-ſhore, or Sink, or Jakes.

None

None queſtion whence a man grows rich, or how;
But money muſt be had, that we all know.
This every *Infant* learns of his old *Dad*,
Without it there's no *Farthing* to be had.
The little *Boys* and *Girls* theſe *Terms* of *Art*,
Before their *A b c*, muſt have by heart.
Why all this ſtir to teach a *Child* to be
No ſtranger to his *Parents* knavery?
Alas! there's no ſuch need for him to kiſs the Rod,
'Tis eaſie following where his *Father* trod.
He's an *apt Scholar*, let him but alone,
When's *corrupt Native Seeds* full *ripe* are grown;
He cannot miſs his *Father's* fatal *Shelf*,
Yet he has had no *time* to *ſhew himſelf*.
When *come* to *age*, and in his *hot mad* blood,
And all the *Doctor's practice* underſtood:
He'll *ſwear*, *forſwear*, in *Villany* take delight,
Kill his rich *Wife* upon his *Wedding-night*;
And when the *witty Rogue* has done the feat,
Put a *Jeſt* on't, and *laugh* at the *conceit*:
I've purify'd my Gold, cries he, *from droſs*,
And ſeparated my Lumber without loſs.
Whilſt others *ſweat* and *labour* night and day,
By *Sea* and *Land* through *unknown* places ſtray,
He has a *ſhorter cut*, a more *compendious way*.
'Twas but the *letting* a young *Widdow blood*,
That betwixt him and Miſer's Heaven ſtood:

Now he'll be rich, and in a little time,
A new invention! and a rare deſign!
The Reaſon's evident, the caſe is plain,
Sin comes into the world not without guilt, but pain.
You! no not you! ne're taught your *Child* to be
A ſordid *Hoarder*, *baſe*, or *niggardie*:
What then? thoſe *covetous Seeds* he had from thee.
They're naturally *engrafted* in his *mind*,
And he's a Miſer not by *Rule*, but *Kind*.
A ſordid *Principle* was in his *blood*,
And as he's *yours*, he'll never *come* to *good*.
He that commends *Frugality*, and allows
The leaſt *ſuſpicious action* in his houſe,
Of *Errour* his own *Judgment* he convicts;
And whilſt his *Reaſon* thus he contradicts,
Youth of that *ſlip* an *ill improvement* make,
That as an *univerſal Licenſe* take,
To *cheat*, *defraud*, and *ſwear out* an *Eſtate*,
Do any thing to be *rich*, do any thing to be *great*.
Give them an *Inch*, and they will take an *Ell*,
Blow you the *Fire*, their greedy *Paſſions* ſwell,
They think they muſt *exceed*, or elſe they can't *excel*.
You've bred a *Viper*, that in time will eat
Through your own *Bowels*, and *begin* the cheat
Upon *your ſelf*: ſo the wild ſavage *Bear*
Will his own *Maſter* firſt to pieces tear.

Half

Half his *allowance* he'll to *Saffold* give,
To know how long th' *Old Man* is like to live.
Gapes for your *Gold*, and curſes every *Knell*,
That he miſtakes to be your *Paſſing-bell*.
At length *impatient* for your lingring *doom*,
He will not let it *ſoft* and *fairly* come:
Saves *Hell* the trouble, and will *Fate* foreſtal,
Be *Executioner*, and *have at all*. [your *Throat*,
From your own *fleſh* and *bloud* you're forc'd to guard
And carry up and down an *Antidote*.
Hail *Democritus*! tune up your *Lungs* for *mirth*!
Here's the *Ludibrium* of *Heaven* and *Earth*,
That might your *laughter* for your *lives* engroſs,
To ſee *refined Clay* thus hoard up *droſs*.
With *pains*, and *care*, and *danger*, graſp up ſtore,
With *pains*, and *care*, and *danger*, keep it more,
But in *reverſion rich*, *emphatically poor*!
The *Miſer's* Life's a pleaſant *Comedy*!
None ſo ridiculous a *Fool* as he!
The *Dancer on the Ropes* leſs *laughter* makes,
H'as better grounds for what he undertakes;
By *hazarding* his *neck* he gets his *Bread*,
And *Nature* to ſuſtain, ventures his *head*:
Like *Nero*, you for *Mounts* of Golden *Ore*,
To tumble up and down on *ſilver floor*.
See what vaſt throngs of *Veſſels* plough the Main,
And all to find out *unknown Worlds* of *Gain*.

By *Hercules his Pillars* take their rounds,
Shoot *Gulfs*, like *Remus* leap o'er *Nature's* bounds.
'Tis worth the while to run the *riſque* of *Fate*,
Stare *Death* i'th' *face*, to raiſe a vaſt *Eſtate*.
He that to this *degree* of *confidence* arrives,
Thô *Pluto* be his Guide, by *Pluto* thrives;
'Tis not *one Fury*, nor *one Devil* drives.
He that *one plank* from *Hell* can lie and *ſleep*,
With both the *Indies* loaden, *dance along* the *deep*,
Thô he to *ſave* his *Purſe* may well forbear
Revenge upon his *Cloaths*, and pulling off his *Hair*:
Yet *Bedlam* for him groans, *Bedlam* ne're had
One under her *correction* half ſo *mad*.
A *Storm* comes hovering, and *Phœbus* ſhrouds
His watry *Rays* under eclipſing *Clouds*;
Cimmerian darkneſs falls upon the *Air*,
Black as th' *Abyſs*, and *hopeleſs* as *Deſpair*;
Flaſhes of *Lightning's* all the *light* is given,
And *Thunder-bolts* rowl o're the *Plains* of *Heaven*;
Yet cries the *Scrape*: *Truſt my Aſtrologie*,
Clear is the lowring Sky, and calm the troubled Sea.
Theſe are but Lambent flames, what men afraid of light?
Of harmleſs Crackers in a Summers night?
Which a ſcorcht Air and ſultry heat produce?
Come hoiſe your Sails, and let your Rudders looſe,
Let frowning Heaven ſcare us then no more,
The God will ſave me whom I ſtill adore.

Blind!

Blind! vain! unhappy man! perhaps *to night*
His *Soul* to *Charon* goes, and his *delight*
To *Pluto* offers him a *Sacrifice:*
The *Conj'rer* ſo by his *Familiar* dies.
Methinks I ſee him *ſtrugling* hard for *breath,*
Oh, how he *gnaws* his *Purſe,* and *grinds* his *teeth!*
And *that* muſt be his *life,* or *that* muſt be his *death!*
If *Fortune* favour, he comes *ſafe* to *ſhore,*
Whom all the *World* could not *ſuffice* before,
Nor *Tagus,* nor *Pactolus* with their *Golden Ore.*
Now without *Houſe* or *Home,* ready to *ſtarve,*
Torn *Rags* to *hide* his *nakedneſs* will ſerve,
Fragments of mouldy *Bread,* and *ſcraps* of *Meat,*
Which *Beggars* proffer'd, would *refuſe* to *eat,*
Go down ſo *chearfully,* and oh! a *Cruſt's ſo ſweet!*
Oh! the delicious *Fare* of *Bread and Cheeſe!*
Oh! how the *Miſer* begs upon his knees!
To get a *Farthing* do's his *miſeries* relate,
And prove his *Shipwrack* by *Certificate:*
And this is to be rich! and this is to be great!
Wealth with ſuch *trouble* and ſuch *care* procur'd,
Wealth ſo *impoſſible* to be *ſecur'd*
From *Fire* and *Thieves,* turns but to *little Gains;*
Nothing can *recompence eternal pains.*
C——*n* that *rich poor man,* can take no reſt,
With ſlaviſh *Fears* like *Mill-ſtones* on his breaſt;

Muſt have three *ſturdy Fellows* always on their *guard*,
And for their uſe *Engines* and *Arms* prepar'd.
Yet *jealous Whims* his *Eyes* ſtill *waking* keep,
Poor *C——n* cannot take a *wink* of *ſleep*. [Den,
There's no rude hand would touch the *Cynick's*
If burnt or broken by *malicious men*;
He would another *Tub* to morrow make,
Or out of this a *ſtately Lodging* take.
This *Alexander* knew, and curs'd his *Fate*,
That caſt his *Lot* ſo much *below* the *State*
Of wiſe Diogenes, Diogenes *the Great!*
Small was the *Shell*, *great* the *Inhabitant!*
Who *nothing had*, and yet did *nothing want!*
Happier than *he* that fain would be *for ever known*,
Monarch, and *God*, and make the *World* his *own*:
Whoſe *Glories* would to *Dangers* ſoon betray,
Whoſe *Dangers* would his *Glories* far outweigh.
He that to *Wiſdom's* Light conforms his *Soul*,
Can never *loſe* his *way*, nor miſs the *Goal*.
No *Deity* is *wanting* to the *Wiſe*,
For Prudence is the beſt of Deities.
Which he that *ſingle* harbours in his *breaſt*,
In *her* alone *comprehends all* the *reſt*.
Fortune! thy *Godhead* ſo implor'd below,
Only to *Fools* and *Mad-men* thou doſt owe.
Thou doſt no *God-like Attributes* partake,
A *Demy-Goddeſs* of a *Humane make!*

If

If any one will accept of my *Advice*,
To know juſt what *Ingredients* may ſuffice
To make up a *good honeſt Livelihood*,
Too little by *Pretenders* underſtood:
Firſt R *q. ſ.* of *Meat*,
To keep out *Cold* and *Hunger*, freely eat
Of temp'rate *Socrates* his wholſom *Diſh*,
And take an *ounce* or *two* of *Cowly's Wiſh*.
Retire ſometime from *Company* by *ſtealth*,
For *Meditation* ſake, and for your *health*,
To *Epicurus* Garden, and there ſee
Nature in every *Variety*.
There every day ſome time for *ſtudy* ſhould be ſpent,
Eat freely of the only *Fruit*, *Content*.
Nature and *Wiſdom* always ſay the ſame,
Nature and *Wiſdom* here do *differ* but in *name*.
Still *thirſts* your *Soul* as if your *Heart* would *break*,
Another *Julep* then more *uſual* make,
Two thouſand pound for a *Pearl-Cordial* take.
Still can you *make* a *Face*? contract a *Frown*?
As if you could not get your *Pectral Potion* down?
Once more your *former Cordial* then repeat,
And add *four thouſand pound* to make it ſweet.
Still take you up a *prejudice* againſt this *Receipt*?
Then all the *Wealth* that both the *Indies* boaſt,
To this, were *thrown away*, and meerly *loſt*:

Would never ſatisfie your *damn'd exceſs*,
Nor in the *leaſt contribute* to true *Happineſs*.

——————— *Omnis enim res,*
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent! quas qui conſtruxerit, ille
Clarus erit, fortis, juſtus! &c.
Horat. Sat. *lib.* 2. *ſ.* 3.

An EPIGRAM.

To Mr. H. Northcote *of* Exeter-*Colledge*, Oxon.

The Happy Miſer.

WHy ſhould we to this *World* our *Souls* enſlave,
That never yet *true ſatisfaction* gave,
That has no *happineſs* but in the *Grave*?
She throws us *Pleaſures* only to *bereave*,
To *decay* Subject, Subject to *deceive*,
They us, *We* them muſt *once* for *ever* leave.
Our *Title's* good no longer than our *Life*,
Our *Friends* inherit little elſe but *Strife*.
In *death* the *Miſer's* only *happy* found,
Who goes t' *enjoy* his *Treaſure* under *ground*.

An

An EPIGRAM.

In praiſe of John Pig's *Diminutive Noſe, in imitation of the Emperour* Trajan's.

To Mr. Frederick Colman.

WEll— all the *Dyal-makers* are undone!
Let *Pig* but turn his *Noſe* to the *Sun*,
'Twill ſerve for both *Steeple* and *Weather-cock*,
And on his *Teeth* tell *Travellers what's a Clock.*

Another out of Ammianus.

To Mr. T. Woolley.

Concerning John Pig's *Mountainous Noſe and Quick-ſilver Feet.*

WIth *both* his *hands Pig* cannot *ſnight* his *Snout*,
But he muſt go near *half a mile about*;
So long the *Promontory* of his *Noſe!*
So *ſhort*, ſo *ſlender*, are his *Petty-toes!*
Nor can he *wind* his *horny Trunk* with eaſe,
No— nor, *to ſpeak the truth*, *hear* himſelf *ſneeze.*

So

So far that *Marrow-bone's distant* from his *Ears*,
He has not ſaid, *God bleſs me*, for this *fifty years*.
I'th' *ſtrength* of ſuch a *Staff*, *Pig* (as they talk)
May well from *London* to *New-Caſtle* take a *walk*.

To a young Lady reading the ſeventh Verſe of the firſt Chapter of Proverbs.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, &c.

To Idera.

WHilſt the *Contents* of this *one Verſe*
So *paſſionately* you rehearſe,
In it we *comprehended* find
The perfect *Copy* of your *Mind*.
You *teach* us, and *inform* us too,
What *we ſhould*, and what *you do*.
This is your *Noon*, our early *Dawn*,
In *miniature* your *Picture* drawn.
Compendious *Hiſtory* of your *Life*:
In *Vertue* your *victorious* ſtrife:
Like wreſtling *Jacob*, whilſt you *halt*,
You make us *bluſh* at our *Revolt*.

Here

Here in this *Looking-glaſs* we ſee
The *Beauties* of your *Soul*, what we
Like you, and *for* your ſake deſire to be.
We came, and heard, and were undone!
With *earthly* flames the *Fire* began,
When *heavenly* too conſpir'd to joyn
United Forces, *humane* and *divine*:
High *Winds* more *dangerous* than *they*;
In vain our *Engines* then we play:
When the chief *Caſtle* is *burnt* down,
'Tis more than time that we *ſurrender* up the *Town*.

To his Valentine Hemiera, *Madam* A. R.

WEll!— *Fortune!* proſtrate at thy feet
I'll do my *Penance* in a *Sheet*;
For *want* of *ſight* I call'd thee *blind*,
All thy *Revenge* was to be *kind*.
Amongſt the *Lots* upon thy Throne,
Thou *Omnipreſent* ſat'ſt alone.
I laid my trembling *hand* on *all*,
And as I *took* them, let them *fall*.
But confident in *thee* my *Guide*,
That which did *ſhrinking* from me *ſlide*,
I gently *preſt*, and it *comply'd*.

With

With this encouragement I *draw*,
But when the happy *Name* I ſaw,
Ye Gods! with what *amazement* ſtruck!
I kiſs'd my *Valentine* and bleſt my *Luck?*
A. *firſt* was offer'd to my ſight,
With a ſweet *reliſh* to invite
My over-eager *Appetite.*
My *Soul* reſolv'd on *life* or *death*,
Of an *auſpicious* A L P H A full, *took breath.*
Then to ſuck *Honey* out of *Love*,
To the *ripe* Roſe did next remove.
Her ſhe rob'd of all her R*ed*,
And on her fragrant *ſweetneſs* fed.
My raviſht *Soul* her *ſtation* took
Here, and durſt no further look.
R was the *Centre* of my *Heart:*
R my only *vital part:*
R *pleas'd* and *ſatisfy'd* my *taſt:*
As R*oſes* beautiful, as *Lillies* chaſt.
Pythagoras may his *y* admire,
'Tis R that ſets my *Heart* on *fire:*
R never yet came out of time;
R is my R*eaſon* and my R*hime.*
R ſo ſweetly runs along,
R the *burden* of my *Song.*
But ſince R *at a diſtance* only *darts* a *Smile*,
Which *at a diſtance* muſt *recoil*;

My

My *Vow* I firſt will *ſend*, before I *bring*
In *perſon* a Religious *Offering*.
Here this I abſent lay before her *Shrine*,
Kiſſes by *proxy* to *communicate my deſign*,
Remember Eaſter, and *Good Morrow*, *Valentine*.

To Idera.

Who would not be ſeen to ſteal a Look from Duſeraſtes, *by turning her back.*

Malo me Galatea petit laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices, & ſe cupit ante videri.
Vir. Bucol. Ecl. 3.

1.

WHy, *Cupid*, thus at *hide* and *ſeek*?
Why all thoſe *Bluſhes* on your *Cheek*?
Are you *aſham'd* that *priviledge* to give,
That man ſhould ſee your face, and live?
Or would you at a diſtance keep,
And never kiſs *Endymion* but aſleep?

2.

Are you afraid that ſhould your *Sun* ſhine *bright*,
Whilſt *Duſeraſtes* only *prays* for *Light*,

My

My dazled *Eyes* with *too much glory blind*,
Earth and *my ſelf* ſhould hardly find?
Or that I ſhould to *Phaetan's* Wiſh aſpire,
To ſet my *little World* on *fire*?

3.

Why ſo *cruel*? why ſo *coy*?
Never, never to *enjoy*?
Have we *profan'd Love's Deity* all this while,
Ah, Madam! *now* to *ſteal* a Smile?
This is with *time* to kep *Virginity*,
And take the *meaſure* of *Eternity*.

To Hemiera.

Utraque formoſa eſt: operoſæ cultibus ambæ:
Artibus in dubio eſt hæc ſit, an illa, prior.
Pulcrior hâc illa eſt, hæc eſt quoque pulcrior illâ:
Et magis hæc nobis, & magis illa placet.
Quid geminas, Erycina, meos ſine fine dolores?
Nonne erat in curas una puella ſatis?
Ov. Amor. lib. 2. eleg. 10.

1.

TEll me, *individual Pair!*
Beyond a *Mediocrity* of *Fair!*
Whoſe *Beauties Heaven* can *ſcarce improve*;
Whom *I* was *born* to *love*:

2. How

2.

How ſhall I *divide* my *Heart*?
Tell me, *ye that have there a double part.*
Diviſion multiplies my pains;
Diſtraction lays more *weight* upon my *Chains.*

3.

When ſtately *Idera* I ſee,
I think of *Jove*'s high love for *Semele*:
Love that in *Thunder and in Lightning* came;
Oh! my *Soul burns* to *die* by ſuch a *flame.*

4.

Hemiera, by Nature *kind*,
Has *Idera*'s *face* wrought in her *mind.*
Her *ſweet temper melts* my *Soul*:
Which *Idera*'s *imperious* Eyes *controul.*

5.

Idera with a *haughty Air*,
Affects to be thought ſomething *more than fair.*
Hemiera is as *good*, as *Idera*'s *great*:
High, courtly Idera! made for *me* and *State.*

6.

Hemiera's melancholy *Face*
Has *leſs Charms*, but *more* of *Grace*:
Does both my *Pity* and my *Love*,
Thoſe *Springs* of my *Affections* move.

7. *Idera*'s

7.

Idera's comely *Winter's* pride,
With *Heſperian* Fruits ſupply'd;
Other proud *Summers* dare not vy,
Nor in *her preſence* wear their *Livery*.

8.

Hemiera's *Autumn's* youthful *Bloud*
Does ſooner *bloſſom*, ſooner *bud*,
Than other *Springs* with *April*-ſhowers,
Diſſolv'd into *ubiquity* of *Flowers*.

9.

Idera on *point of Honour* ſtands,
My *Soul* by right of *conqueſt* ſhe demands:
All that of my ſelf is mine,
I to *Hemiera reſign*.

10.

But if *Idera*, with *diſdain*,
Would make me *fear*, not *love* her, 'tis in vain:
She'll *repent*, when 'tis *too late*:
I'll ſooner undergo *Saguntum*'s Fate.

Me mea diſperdat nullo prohibente puella,
Si ſatis una poteſt: ſi minus una, duæ.

To

To P. P. *being to run a Race after Dinner.*

SHarp *Gormandizer!* heavy-heel'd *Racer!* run
With nimble *Chaps*; and to ſupply them, *eat*
A hearty Meal with your defective *Feet*:
By this *exchange* the *Race* is eas'ly *won*.

An Epigram out of Alphæus Mitylenæus.

To Mr. Humphry Lind.

Mediocrity.

WE envy not, *Philaphelus!* the *Great*,
Nor would pull down their *Pinacles* of *State*:
Nor prop them up, projecting to aſpire:
A *Competency* only we deſire.
Yet *Poverty* we would not hug as *ſuch*,
Leſt *ne quid nimis* we ſhould love too much.

Another.

To Mr. Denham.

Diogenes *in his Kingdom.*

WHen the old *Cynicks* ſhade with *Cræſus* met,
He ſmil'd to ſee the meager *Monarch* fret;
And thus accoſted him——*But why ſo pale?*
What, does the Yellow Jaundice ſtill prevail?
No—Cræſus! *no—for all your earthly ſtore,*
You, call'd to an account, not I, am poor.
All that I had, here I have with me brought,
You've travell'd to another World with nothing fraught.

An EPITAPH on old Oliver.

To Mr. Andrew Snapes.

LIe light, thou Earth, on *Noll's* ſoft *Noddle*;
His *Corps* in *Putrefaction* coddle.
Lie light, that *Dogs* may *ſmell* and *rave*
To *ſcratch* the *Tyrant* from his *Grave:*
That *Dogs* may lay his *Carcaſe* bare,
And *Meſſes* of his *Mummy* tear.
Dogs his polluted *Gelly* ſup,
And dig the *Devil's Relicks* up.

A Greek EPIGRAM.

A ſhort Life and a ſweet.

To his dear Friend Mr. Edw. Taylour.

MY *Fortune-tellers* this ill *Caution* give,
Oh! 'tis ſad news, *I have not long to live.*
So ſay my *Stars* and *they*, but what care I?
Sooner or later, all muſt die.
But let us ſtay and *drink* before we go,
'Tis a way I never went, and do not know.
Bacchus is well acquainted with the Road,
And never goes this *Stage* without a *load.*
On ſuch a *Horſe* if I below can *ride*,
Why ſhould I go on *foot* without a *Guide*?

To Mr. Henry Palmer, *going to Sea.*

THrow not *my* life away, of *your own* free,
'Tis tender *Mother Earth*, but *Stepdame Sea.*

To Mr. Butler.

A Greek EPIGRAM.

In the *flower* of my *days* was *poor*,
Now *Age* comes *creeping* with unwelcome *ſtore*.
Unhappy ſtill! I can't *my ſelf enjoy*:
My *hopes* of *Heaven* two *Extreams* deſtroy;
And will not let me my *deſires* fulfil,
Then want of *Power*, now a want of *Will*.

To his dear Friend Mr. Will. Percival.

That Poetry is Witchcraft.

With *Legion* ſure the *Muſes* are poſſeſt,
That *play the Devil* in every inſpir'd *breaſt*.
What *Epidemick Plague* runs in mens *Veins*?
What an *eternal dribling* of the *Brains*?
My greateſt *Enemy* I'd wiſh no *worſe*,
Than th' *Itch* of *Scribling*, and a *Poet's Curſe*.

Antipater's

Antipater's *Epitaph upon* Homer.

To Mr. John Penneck.

HEre lies (with *reverence* to his ſacred *Name*)
The *Hero's Herald*, and the *Trump* of *Fame*,
The *World's* Poetick *Tongue*, the *Muſes Flame*.
The *Prophet* of the *Gods*, and *Greece's Sun*,
Homer that *comprehends* them all in *one*.

To Mr. Nat. Smith.

On a covetous old Miſer, a religious Gripe.

W—— the *Miſer's Treaſurer*, old and grey,
For *fear* of *want*, would make himſelf away:
His *Houſe* in *order* ſet, he falls to *Pray'r*;
Then makes his *Will*, and leaves himſelf *ſole Heir*.
But what a pity 'tis his *labour's loſt*,
At leaſt a *Halter* will a *Farthing* coſt.
No— he had rather *Hell's Election* wait,
Than *buy* a *Hanging* at ſo *dear* a *rate*.

To Mr. King.

A Greek Epigram againſt the Aſtrologers.

HOW canſt thou, *Aſtrius*, *Heaven* and *Earth* ſurvey?
Thou little *crum* of a *ſmall lump* of *Clay!*
Firſt *know thy ſelf*, thy own *Dimenſions* find,
And take the narrow *compaſs* of thy *Mind.*
For if thou canſt not *meaſure* ſuch a *Clod*,
What wouldſt thou do with all the *wondrous works* of *God?*

To Mr. Hen. Fane.

POor *fooliſh Dick*, ſtung by his Brother *Gnat*,
Jump'd out of *Bed* to fetch old *Proctor's Cat.*
Mouſer, thô a brave *Souldier*, loſt his ſport,
For *Mouſer* could not ſpeak the *Language* of the *Court*;
Nor underſtand what *formal Priſcian* ſaid
In *Babel's* Tongue, thô otherwiſe *well bred.*
With that *Don Quixot's* Rival would engage
* *Gingerbread Gentleman* in warlike rage,

* Gingerbread Gentleman; *this is applicable either to his ſhapes, or the old ſtory of his Weekly-Allowance, which was a Gingerbread pair of Gloves, and a Gingerbread Ring.*

Rapt

Rapt out a terrible *dimidiate Oath*,
And in his *own defence*, Sir, *challeng'd* both:
His *Rapier* out of rusty *Scabbard* drew;
But *Puß*, who his undaunted *Courage* knew,
All on a *ſweat*, down Stairs like *Lightning* flew.
Nor ſhall he ſo eſcape by all the Gods,
(Says *Sancho Pancho* Dick) *for two to one is odds.*
Spaniard tied *neck and heels* he laid upon his back,
And hung him by his *Whiskers* on the *Rack.*
Friend Gnat! (quoth he) *thô now I'm almoſt ſpent*,
Yet thy affront I cannot but reſent.
All night I'll make thee at a diſtance keep,
Put on revenge when I put off my ſleep.
This ſaid, as *merciful* as he was *ſtout*,
Knight Errant put his * *Royal* Candle out.
(*Candles Traditional, ſo long, ſo large, ſo white*,
Worthy to give the King and Dicky *light*;
Worthy to make a † *Fairy-ring on Birth-day-night.*
Fit Torches for a Sacrifice to Clio,
A heavenly Muſe made of a waxen Io.)
And then a *Hymn Pæan* the *Champion* ſang,
Defy'd *Gnat*, *Bug*, or *Flea*, all the *Backbiting Gang.*

* *Such as his Worſhip made his boaſt, the King and his Father only burnt.*

† *On his Birth-day at night he cut a pound of Candles in halves, and ſetting them in a Ring, light them, and danc'd round them, ſinging a Hymn to his Muſe* Clio, *whom he worſhips in the form of a waxen Cow, and ſacrifices to her, to the end ſhe may inſpire him more fully.*

Afraid

Afraid that they ſhould hear, in *whiſpers* ſaid, *Good Night!*
And hugg'd himſelf to think *they could not ſee to bite.*

An EPIGRAM *out of* Plato.

To Madam Amara.

I *Lais!* once a *heavenly Whore!*
But now thoſe happy days are o'er!
Sweet Lais! Divine Lais! now no more.
This *Looking-glaſs* to *Venus* give,
My too true *Repreſentative:*
Since what I *am* I *would* not *ſee,*
Since what I *was* I *cannot* be.

Me verò primium dulces ante omnia Muſæ
(Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore)
Accipiant. ——— Virg.

CAMBRIDGE

FINIS.